SATURDAY NIGHT

JANUARY 17, 1953 10 CENTS

—Paul Rockett

OPERA FESTIVAL TIME: Among the all-Canadian stars, Jacqueline Smith of Vancouver in "Cosi Fan Tutte"

We, the Jury: Many Are Called . . . . . Hugh Garner
Flemming of New Brunswick . . . O'Hagan and Creed

Growing Up In Opera

by Helen Beattie

WHEN the Canadian soprano Lois Marshall made her debut in New York's town hall in December, even some of her home-town people were surprised at the quality of the singer they had been privileged to hear at reasonable rates in local productions.

No sooner had the rave reviews of her concert, which is the prize for winning the Naumberg award, been published, than Columbia Artists of New York which handles the top ones signed her to a three year contract. Recording companies made offers; the Columbia network asked her to sing on their big carol program Christmas Eve, and almost every mail is bringing other offers for her consideration.

Last year at this same time Miss Marshall was deep in rehearsals for the role of Queen of the Night in Mozart's "The Magic Flute", one of the three operas presented at the then third annual festival staged by the Royal Conservatory Opera Company in collaboration with the Opera Festival Association of Toronto.

The calibre of Canadian singers available for operatic roles, using Miss Marshall as only one example, is often a great surprise to those who attend one of these operas for the first time. They are not student productions at all, but full-scale operas, professionally staged, directed and produced with professional Canadian singers in the leading roles.

It is true that students do get their chance. Undergraduates at the Royal Conservatory Opera School make up the chorus and the more promising might, if they are ready for it, get very small singing roles, but the rest are young Canadian professional singers getting an opportunity to do what was unheard of ten years ago—sing opera in their own country. Granted it is only in one city so far, but the Festival to be given in February is only the fourth. And its progress has been so great that the possibility of a truly national opera does not seem like a dream any more.

CERTAINLY all Canada has a stake in the artists at any rate. This year's cast includes such well known Vancouver singers as Ernest Adams, Don Garrard, Jacqueline Smith and Victor White, Sylvia Grant who will sing Dorabella in "Cosi Fan Tutte" comes from Calgary. Irene Salemka, singing the lead in "Madame Butterfly", is from Weyburn, Sask., and Joan Hall, Mary Morrison and Louise Roy come from Winnipeg. Edward Johnson (no relation to the former head of Metropolitan) is from Hamilton, Glenn Gardiner is from Merlin, Ont., Joanne Ivey from Montreal and James Shields, once the soloist on the Fibber McGee and Molly show, comes from Vineland, Ont. René Bouchard from Ottawa is an MA in Philosophy from the University there and has put in one year of pre-med work. From Montreal come Alexander Gray and Andrew McMillan.

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Summer this winter....

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Vol. 68 No. 15 Whole No. 3115

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JOHN A. STEVENSON critically examines the Liberal, Conservative and Social Credit parties and discusses their hopes in "1953—Election Year" . . . Does Toronto deserve its reputation as a smug, unfriendly and snobbish city? It does, with a vengeance, says WOODMAN LAMB in a provocative article: "Toronto: City of God" . . . In "Skiing in Canada: Sport and Industry", D. LEO DOLAN, Director of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, gives a comprehensive picture of one of Canada's leading sports. This two-page illustrated feature is of interest to all winter sportsmen, resort operators and transportation companies . . . In a thoughtful article, "Are Medicine and Politics Good Mixers?", JUDITH CROSS, of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, discusses some of the important factors for and against the socializing of medicine . . . "Is Televised Interview Worthwhile?" JOSEPH HAINLINE takes exception to the sharp criticism of television interviews which appears in this issue on Page 12 . . . "The Coronation; Symbol of Solidarity"—a timely article by EDMUND S. CARPENTER, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Toronto, traces the history of this ancient ceremony and shows how today it has a lively meaning for the British people.

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Published and printed by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
Birks Building, Montreal, Canada
Editorial and Advertising Offices
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada

Jack Kent Cooke, President and Publisher; George Collington, Vice-President and General Manager; E. R. Milling, Vice-President and Director of Sales; Neil M. Watt, Treasurer and Comptroller; George Colvin, Assistant Comptroller; William Zimmerman, Q.C., Secretary.

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GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

OTTAWA LETTER

A Second Spotlight on Laxity?

by John A. Stevenson

THE CALM, which has prevailed on Parliament Hill, has now been broken by the reassembly of Parliament and stormy weather obviously lies ahead for the Government.

At the time of the adjournment the Cabinet, in light of the pronouncements of several Ministers, had evidently reached the decision that if scapegoats had to be found for the appeasement of public indignation about the revelations of the Currie Report, Mr. Claxton was not to be the sacrificial ram in the thicket. But during the recess the rank and file of the Liberal party have had ample opportunity to take soundings of popular sentiment in their constituencies. There are grounds for believing that their reports to the Cabinet will draw a very sombre picture of a large body of voters deeply outraged by the disclosures of the report about administrative laxity and culpable waste of public money and the contemptuous complacency of the Government.

The performance, staged before the adjournment, of Mr. Campney, the Associate Minister for National Defence, in the role of apologist for Mr. Claxton was too mediocre to carry conviction with the public. His attempt to draw an analogy between the position of Mr. Claxton and the president of a bank, one of whose branches has been robbed, was specious rather than sound. A president may not be dismissed on account of the robbery of a branch, but he gets short shrift, when it is discovered that through the laxity of his regime heavy losses have been incurred. And some further illumination upon the extent of the loss of public money and the inefficient management responsible for it may well be supplied by the forthcoming report of the Auditor-General.

IT IS KNOWN that Mr. Watson Sellar has had members of his staff investigating the transactions of the Department of National Defence, and it is his praiseworthy habit in his annual report to comment without fear or favor upon any irregularities which he discovers. If, therefore, many Liberal members tell Ministers that Mr. Claxton has become a political liability, which they must shed to have a hope of holding their seats, and the report of the Auditor-General confirms the arraignment of the Currie Report and furnishes fresh ammunition to the Opposition, then the position of Mr. Claxton will become completely untenable. Resignation would be his only honorable course, if he has any serious concern for the fortunes of his party.

It is a long established tradition of the British parliamentary system that, when an investigation ordered by a Government condemns the administration of a Minister, his resignation follows automatically. It has been observed with particular scrupulousness when the security of the country is involved. Two whole British Ministries have actually fallen on account of their maladministration of military affairs. In 1855 the coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen resigned when it saw that charges made by W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, about the mismanagement of the Crimean War had been accepted as true by the public; in 1895 the Liberal ministry of Lord Rosebery threw up the sponge when the House of Commons, in which it had a majority, passed a resolution deploring its failure to provide Britain's artillery with adequate supplies of cordite.

IN MODERN times a classic case which had a background of military muddles was the resignation of Mr. Austen Chamberlain in 1917. Serious charges about the conduct of the British campaign in Mesopotamia, in which calamitous reverses had been suffered, had impelled the Lloyd George Ministry to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate their validity. Its report, which was submitted to the British House of Commons in July, 1917, was a severe indictment of the errors and follies of the Government of India, which had been responsible for the organization of the campaign. Mr. Austin Chamberlain, who was Deputy-Leader of the Conservative party and a politician greatly respected by his opponents, was Secretary of State for India. But his control of the policies and methods followed by the Government of India was of necessity very remote, and the criticisms of his conduct made in the report were very mild by comparison with those levelled at the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. But Mr. Chamberlain, whose sense of honor and public duty was very high, felt that the terms of the report involved his immediate resignation. On July 12 he explained to the House of Commons his reasons for his decision in these words:

"For myself I speak today under circumstances of some difficulty. It is quite obvious that the report of the Mesopotamian Commission cannot be left where it stands. There may be differences—there were differences—in this House as to the tribunal to which should be remitted the decision as to whether action should be taken against any of those named—that decision I do not for one moment dispute. It necessarily, however, carries with it another decision for me. It is not possible that I, who am named in the report apart from my colleagues in matters in which I acted in common with them and whose responsibility is sole and undivided in other matters, where the Commission

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

EDITORIALS

Another President Takes Up the Load

WHEN free people are confused by events or angered by evils imagined or real, they blame "the government", as if government, (were the people in it wise enough) could cure all the ills that afflict society. It is a tribute to the abstract idea of government, but it places a great and terrible burden on the people who do the governing, because it does not grant them the human right to make mistakes. It is just as well that most politicians believe themselves incapable of making anything more than a piffling mistake or two, else they would go mad. But when we think of the decisions which must be made by the leaders of great states in a fearful world, and remember that these leaders are men with all the frailties which are the common property of men, the mind quails. We expect so much of so few.

Of all the loads which must be carried by heads of state, the greatest is that which will be taken up by Dwight D. Eisenhower when he takes his oath of office as president of the United States next Tuesday. He will become the chief of the most powerful nation in the free world, one to which others, weakened by war or weary with ancient burdens, look for help or leadership or both. On his decision may rest the fate not only of his own people but of the little people everywhere.

He is a good and strong man, this man who becomes the president of the United States, and already he has done great service as a soldier for his country and its allies. But whatever duty he has faced before, none has been so stern as that which he will accept Tuesday. Better than anyone else he realizes that, being human, he will need more than human help. We who are not citizens of his country but who will be affected profoundly by the actions and policies of his country, can help with our understanding and prayer to make his load less chafing. And if we are permitted, too, a little friendly advice, it is to remind the new president of one of the things said by the man he defeated, Adlai Stevenson—a statement of principle which makes the certainty of human error less forbidding: "Who leads us is less important than what leads us."

Anticipation

NOW THAT people have gotten over anticipating Christmas, New Year's and Twelfth Night, they can start anticipating Groundhog Day and the Easter parade. We admit we are puzzled by this modern custom, never having been able to track down anyone who really had anticipated much of anything; but we hear and read about it so often that we cannot be certain some people have not found a way to make these things happen before the proper dates.

We wish we could find them, just to see how it's done. The dictionary gives the word "anticipate" many definitions: to seize beforehand, to use or spend in advance, to deal with a thing or perform an action before another, to forestall, to observe or cause to happen earlier than the due date, to occur earlier, to precede, to take into consideration before the due time, to realize beforehand a certain future event, to look for an uncertain event as certain. All of this is baffling when applied to something like Groundhog Day.

It is possible, of course, that nobody anticipates these events but simply looks forward to them, and that the people who use the word are guilty of language murder in the first degree.

FEELS LIKE AN ISOLATIONIST
FIRST REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION IN 20 YEARS
HOW DOES IT FEEL ON THE SEAWAY SUBJECT
FEELS LIKE STERLING SUPPORT
FEELS LIKE HIGHER TARIFFS
I DON'T HAVE TO TOUCH IT- I KNOW IT'S JUST ANOTHER IMPERIALIST WARMONGER !
SAMPLE CASE
JOHN COLLINS

The Blind Men and the Elephant

People in Prisons

BECAUSE WE have laws, we have jails for those who break the laws. All too often, we think that putting a man in jail is the full sum of justice; he has sinned against society and must be put away for a time to think about how bad he's been and how he can mend his ways when he is permitted to go free. We think of the act of penance and forget that all sinners are not repentant; we think of the jail and forget about the people in it. That is why we are jarred when something like a jail riot comes along to remind us that men and women do not stop being human once they are locked in cells and given numbers.

We need to be reminded over and over again that we do not put men in jail to teach them evildoing. A fine bit of prodding has been done in recent weeks by *The Vancouver Province*, which published what a reporter, Bruce Larsen, found during a four-day look into what was happening within the walls of Oakalla provincial jail. The Attorney-General of British Columbia gave the reporter the chance to find out everything he could about the prison.

The Larsen report makes unpleasant reading. It tells of severe overcrowding, drug habits started in the jail, sex perversion, inmates controlling sections of the prison, poor sanitation, fire hazards, gambling and drinking by inmates, bad hospital conditions and insufficient staff.

It may be that the report was highly colored. The Attorney-General of the province said: "Were it to serve no other purpose, this article indicates that the penal reform which we propose to implement should have been made years ago." The new BC Government, of course, could put the blame on its predecessor. And a more formal investigation showed the failings of Oakalla as a jail back in 1950. But all this does not lessen the good job done by the newspaper in reminding its readers that jails are a continuing responsibility of more than a few paid officials.

Johnny-on-the-Spot

SOME PEOPLE have an odd ability to be where things happen at the time they happen, and if they are there too often, other people begin to think dark thoughts about them. If one person gets to the scene of a fire before the firemen do, it may be chance; but if he gets there too early and too often, someone sooner or later will look for a link between the prompt arrival and the fire itself.

This is what has happened now in the case of Georgi Nikolayevitch Zarubin, the Soviet Union's ambassador to Washington. *The Montreal Gazette* has drawn public attention to the fact that at least twice Zarubin has been johnny-on-the-spot when people have been accused of spying for the Soviet.

Zarubin was Soviet ambassador to Canada when

Igor Gouzenko decided to tell all he knew about Communist spying in this country. The Royal Commission which investigated the matter decided the spying was carried out by "special sections" of the Soviet embassy and the ambassador had no part in it. But Zarubin was recalled to Moscow anyway. Then he was appointed ambassador to Britain, where he went quietly about his work without attracting any headlines or causing any "incidents." His stay in Britain ended after Dr. Klaus Fuchs was jailed for selling information to Russian agents, Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo, another atomic scientist, slipped away to Russia, and two British diplomats vanished.

Now Zarubin is the Soviet ambassador to Washington. If the London and Ottawa pattern is repeated, it will be fair to ask if he is one of those people who arrive before the fire.

May Also Serve

IT IS good that men still sit on top of long poles and seal themselves in big bottles and shout "Look at me, see what I can do!" The comic show-offs and the pitiful buffoons are a balance to the men who reach so close to the stars that what they do or try to do can make all humans too big for their britches.

Man always has had a hunger for power, and has built for himself machines and systems to help him satisfy that hunger. He has exalted valleys and made the high places low; he has bored through mountain ranges and changed the course of great rivers; he has so unshackled himself from the bonds of earth that he can travel under the sea and high in the air; he has built for himself eyes to look deep into the insides of his own planet and outward at others in the interminable reaches of space; and although he is still mortal, he has learned how to fight a delaying action against death.

When he considers all these things, man has a yen to say "What a fine bit of work am I!" If he sticks to this sort of backslapping, all is well because he is still the child-like being who can cry "Look, ma, I'm dancing!" It is when he loses his sense of discovery and says "I am all-powerful; I am master and creator," that he destroys himself because he has not gained the wisdom which must go with power.

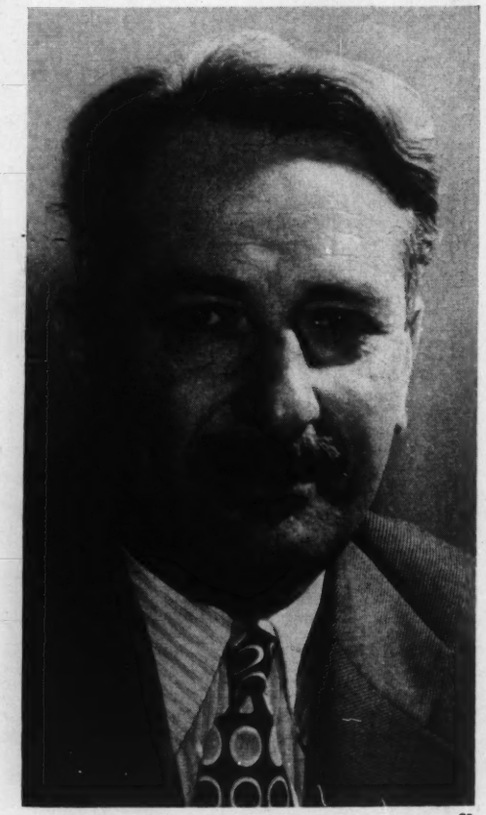
And that is why the flagpole sitters are important. As long as men can take delight in such things, they are not likely to think they are more than mortal.

Senate Possibility

IF YOU work long and hard for a political party which can win federal elections, you may be rewarded in several ways. You may get expressions of gratitude and affection from your party leaders, you may gain many influential friends or you may even be appointed to the Senate. If you do become a Senator, you can take an interest in the affairs of government and make a good contribution to those affairs; or you can settle back for a long doze, full of dignity and empty of ideas. Because there is such a choice, the Senate looks sometimes like a fine congregation of wise and just men, and at other times like a stable of tired party plugs.

During the past couple of weeks there has been talk about the possible appointment to the Senate of a member of the Jewish faith, which would give representation for the first time to an important part of the Canadian community. When such a suggestion is made, it is natural to think of the man who represents Toronto-Spadina in the House of Commons, David Croll. Mr. Croll has earned the right to be considered for the Senate by his diligent work in the Liberal vineyard, and it's a good bet that once in the Upper House he would be one of those who do their best to justify its place in the parliamentary scheme of things.

Mr. Croll has been a good Liberal, but he has shown a clear vein of independent thought, too. As a Senator, he would get the chance to dig deeper into that vein — a bit of mining that could enrich government.



—CP

DAVID CROLL, M.P.

This Year's Calendars

CALENDAR ART is primarily a folk art, for a calendar illustration is seen by far more people than the same painting or illustration if hung in a salon or an art gallery. Over the years calendar art has undergone the same changes that all the fine arts have undergone, and in the process it has won and lost the same amount of spontaneity and originality as its more highbrow cousins.

Calendar art may be divided into several categories, the main ones being institutional, industrial, travel, cultural and barbershop or cheesecake.

Of the calendars received for review so far by this office, top honors this year must go to *The British Travel and Holidays Association*, which has gone all out in this Coronation Year with a product that is not only beautiful, but radical to the point of daring by having 26 full-color illustrations in a 26-page fold. This has been made possible by the use of fortnightly rather than monthly calendar pads below the illustrations.

In the industrial category *The Ford Motor Company* is at the head of the class (judging from the calendars received here) with a 7-page folding calendar illustrated throughout in color by Norman Rockwell. The cover contains a Rockwell black-and-white drawing of the superimposed profiles of Henry Ford, Edsel Ford and Henry Ford II. Six other full-color illustrations by the famous illustrator deal with Fordian motifs starting with the early days of the gas buggy.

Another fine industrial is that of the *Poole Construction Co. Ltd.* of Edmonton, Alta. It is a simple one-picture type, bearing a tintogravure of a painting by Richard E. Bishop titled "Pintail Paradise". The composition is excellent, showing a flight of pintail ducks with their wings set for a landing in a Western swamp or slough. The emphasis has been on art rather than utility in this one, and the calendar pad is too small to be of much use. However, the illustration is good for framing.

Two companies have illustrations of the same piece of scenery, *The Bank of Montreal* and *Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Co.*, each using reproductions of Moraine Lake in the Canadian Rockies. The Bank of Montreal's is an oil by Peter Ewart, and Wawanesa have a water color by A. C. Leighton. Of the two the water color is the more inclusive, but there is a finer attention to detail in the oil. Wawanesa has tried to give the recipients of its calendar all sorts of information, but the value of all these extras have been nullified somewhat by the fact that the heavy pad comes apart from the calendar itself, and both of the copies received here have had to undergo amateur surgery by means of a stapler at the hands of the writer.

The Hudson's Bay Company, as usual, has come up with a very fine calendar, the "Ambassadress of Peace" by Franklin Arbuckle illustrating it. This is the same illustration used on the cover of the December issue of *The Beaver*, the company's magazine. The picture shows a "slave woman" of the Chipewayan tribe, who has escaped from the Crees, bringing some of her tribesmen to a peace parley with the Crees, their mortal enemies. The word "Ambassadress" is awkward.

Two industrial calendars that are more suitable for factory offices than the walls of the general public are those of *The Dorr Company* and *Link Belt Company Ltd.* Both of these are too crowded, both in text and illustrative matter. The Dorr Company uses photographs of esoteric interest such as "Dewatering Flotation Feed at Coronet Phosphate" and "Unusual Wet-Process Cement Operation in Mississippi". Link Belt Co. begin their illustrations with a CPR photo of Lake Louise and end it with a picture of two small fry hanging up their Christmas stockings; these are the only two illustrations not containing a view of a link belt.

The Montreal Gazette's calendar is a neat job, produced on fine stock, with a beautiful autumn landscape, "Devil's River", executed by Thomas Garside, ARCA. Thomas Garside is represented again with his "Metis Lighthouse" on the undistinguished product of *The Montreal City and District Savings Bank*. *The Bank of Nova Scotia* has made use of an off-color pink base for its calendar, which is quite handsome. However, it has an illustration taken from an original owned by the bank, "Scout Camp" by Fred Finley of the Ontario College of Art. The Boy Scouts in the painting are dressed in full regalia, even though they are in the woods and not on a church parade.

The calendar of *The Waterlo Trusts and Savings Company* bears six photographs, the theme of all of them being conservation, especially that in Waterloo County, Ontario. This is the best, and only, example we have received with an educational motive. It is an idea that other firms should ponder for their 1954 calendars.

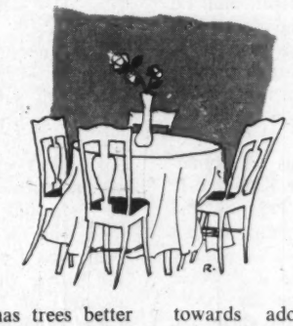
Cheesecake, or barber shop, calendar art has evolved from "September Morn" through the Petty Girl and has come to rest on Marilyn Monroe, with the point of focus changing anatomically over the years. It is worth a full-length study in itself, but, unfortunately, SATURDAY NIGHT is not the recipient of this type of calendar. #

Letter from New York

by **Anthony West**

AFTER the election excitements, December was something of an anti-climax. Eisenhower's trip to Korea set the tone. The press worked as hard as they could to make something out of the story, but there wasn't much to say. The President-to-be had promised he would go, so he had to go, and having gone he had to come back. While all the whoop-de-doo was going on I kept thinking about the old English nursery rhyme about the grand old Duke of York and his 10,000 men "he marched them up to the top of the hill, and he marched them down again." It was the flat tag end to the campaign, and if it proved that the General is a man of his word it didn't do much else.

Even Christmas itself had a flavor of anti-climax about it this year; it, too, seemed almost to be a hang-over from November. I was astounded, along with a great many other people, to see the first decorations going up on the Fifth Avenue store fronts a whole week before Thanksgiving. Providence used to have the earliest Christmas on the eastern seaboard, don't ask me why, but this year New York was first off the mark. I don't think anyone could like the sparkle and glitter of Christmas trees better than I do, but I must say I don't like the look of them in mid-November—they have the caught out-in-the-open look of people in evening dress at breakfast time. Most New Yorkers apparently feel the same way, or so I should judge, since they stayed away from the stores in spite of the flood of Christmas advertising and didn't begin their heavy seasonal buying until a fortnight before the big day.



I've been told by people in the fashion and textile business that there's a fairly simple explanation for desperate efforts to get Christmas going early. The big stores stocked up and put in heavy advance orders last year in expectation of shortages. The shortages didn't materialize and the stores were carrying very heavy inventories which became something of a burden to them. But it's an ill wind, and so on, and annoying though the commercial aspects of Christmas are, it was all a lot of fun once the season caught up with the merchants. Lord and Taylor had a big tree made up of thousands of white lights all over their store front that was really a beauty, and the sight of the long line of lighted trees following the dip and swell of Park Avenue was still one of the gayest and most cheerful things I know. The only sight that gives me the same kind of Christmas pleasure is the one Boston arranges every year: all the people who live around the Common put rows of electric candles in their windows, and even though they haven't the mellow golden charm of the old wax candles they've replaced, they still give you a warm and cosy feeling.

I DON'T know about you, but one of the things Christmas time used to mean to me was an orgy of theatre going. I've been to theatres a good deal this season, but I haven't had much of the good kindling feeling that a first class show gives you. John Van Druten's new play "I've Got Sixpence" is, as there isn't really any need to say, a first class piece of theatrical workmanship, but it has a soft boiled message about the deeper religious feelings counting for more than passion that hasn't a great deal of dramatic strength. "Whistler's Grandmother" is a sad, sad, comedy and "Time Out for Ginger" isn't much better. It's about a girl who wants to play football and if you've been to a very good cocktail party beforehand and you go along with American feelings about the young, you might find it passable. "Bernadine" is another show all about teenagers and it made my flesh crawl since it is gooily sentimental about callowness in a very maddening pseudo-tough way. The American tenderness towards adolescent bad manners is hard to take in life, and I for one find it a lot harder to take in the theatre. "The Seven Year Itch" is mild fun about a middle-aged man who has an affair with a young girl while his wife is away, but it is mild fun and you'd want to be in a tolerant mood to enjoy it. "The Deep Blue Sea" and "The Time of the Cuckoo" both had me wondering if I'd see the play out. I did stay for the final curtain in both cases, but only because Margaret Sullavan in the first and Shirley Booth in the second were doing some real acting. But the pleasure of seeing a good actress at work is nicely balanced in both cases by the irritation of seeing them tied up to mediocre material. The dimness of the season can be indicated by saying that the best show in town is "Dial M for Murder", a mechanical English melodrama in which Maurice Evans is suavely villainous. It's an amusing entertainment, but you'll have a job to remember it for many hours after the last curtain.

BUT you'll probably remember Katherine Hepburn if you can see her in Shaw's "Millionairess" to your dying day, for exactly the same reasons that you'd remember Sarah Bernhardt playing Hamlet if you'd seen that. I've never seen so much energy misused, nor have I ever seen an actor or actress guying her own gifts to the same extent. Shaw's play makes one feel that there ought to be a Society for the Preservation of the

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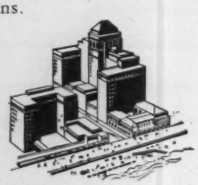

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Reputation of Elderly Authors which would suppress the productions of their senility in their own interests. As a play it is a regrettable absurdity. Perhaps Katherine Hepburn's playing is kindly meant, at least it does to some extent distract your attention from the piece. But I for one don't go to the theatre to take part in displays of self-sacrifice of that kind. I was interested in Robert Helpmann's performance as an Egyptian Doctor. While he was on stage he almost made Shaw's nonsense sound like sense. The impression he made here when he was playing Caesar last winter in the shadow of Laurence Olivier's Anthony has been strengthened by his handling of this part. He has become an actor worth watching.

HELPMANN was a dancer and mime before he was an actor, and it is interesting to compare him with Jean Louis Barrault whose French repertory company has been having a season at the Ziegfeld theatre. One of the things he played was Gide's translation of Hamlet. All Gide's own plays are characterized by a bleak lack of any real sense of theatre, and his translation even makes Shakespeare seem flat. Barrault didn't have much to work on it's true, but he did horrible things with what he was given. He is a great believer in mime, and part of his repertory is composed of silent pieces such as Baptiste in which everything is conveyed by gesture. He turned Hamlet into a limp wristed posturer, the sad-eyed Pierrot out of a Harlequinade, and I kept feeling that his mother could have gotten things under control at any moment by giving him a good spanking and telling him not to be so silly. Barrault also played a dramatization of Kafka's "The Trial" which gave one the same sort of feeling; at any rate I felt strongly in sympathy with the mysterious bureaucracy which hounded Kafka's hero to his inexplicable fate as I do not when I read that macabre gothic novel. Barrault's miming is so much an expression of his own personality that it breaks up any play in which he appears in a major role. Helpmann knows all the same tricks and murdered Hamlet with them once as a ballet, but an intellectual discipline now holds him inside the limits of the role he is playing and to my mind produces much more agreeable and interesting results. Barrault's defects as an actor were accentuated by the qualities of his magnificent company, a wonderful team of orthodox actors in the French tradition. They played "Occupe Toi D'Amelie", a machine-made farce by Feydeau, in which Barrault takes a very small walking-on part, and on a stage free of his mannered domination they did a magnificent job. They succeeded in making this 50-year-old hour and a half of foolery one of the really memorable events of the season. If you ever get a chance to see Madeleine Renaud, who is the female lead of Barrault's company at work, don't miss it, she is one of the most gifted light comediennes on the stage today and her Amelie was a pure delight. But I'd steer clear of the profound gloom with which Barrault surrounds her, she is even less equipped by temperament and physical equipment for tragedy than he is.

THE same old musicals are dominating that field. "The King and I" is as delightful as ever, "Pal Joey" and "Guys and Dolls" roll along, without much to choose between them, and "South Pacific" looks as if it would last forever. But good as they are I can't get the pleasure from them that I'd get from a good new show. "Wish You Were Here" is something of a mystery to me. It was bad when it opened and although it's been under constant revision ever since it's still pretty bad. Why it has been such a success I'll never know. "My Darlin' Aida", which is Verdi translated into the world of Colonels and magnolias in the deep south, is a lively joke and I found it better fun than most critics did. But it still falls a long way short of "The King and I."

BETTE DAVIS cropped up after something like 18 years away from Broadway in a revue called "Two's Company", singing, dancing, and playing broad comedy. She's still a wonderful emotional actress, and there's a kind of dramatic interest in her effort to please in this entirely unsuitable line. I get so much pleasure out of watching her expressive face,

and the nervous intensity which she brings to everything she does that I'd be content with almost anything she did. The audience was with her on the first night in an extraordinary way, and I don't suppose anyone has had such a welcome in a Broadway theatre for a long time, but with all this good will there still wasn't enough from Miss Davis to carry the show. She had a gleaming moment in an imitation of Tallulah Bankhead, but it was a family joke that was more at home in a cabaret than in the theatre, and the moment died. Nora Kaye who used to be with the New York City Ballet Company does some dancing in the review and while I was watching her I kept thinking of Eddie Cantor when young, and sometimes her face has a wide-eyed deadpan expression that makes me think of Buster Keaton. I have a suspicion that there is a great natural talent lurking there, and it is just possible that "Two's Company" will lead to the discovery of a new comedian after all. #

■ Fifteen dernier blouses are being fought by the girls and young women, and tucking pleats and lace are being used liberally to give them a more "covered up" appearance.—Fashion note in Toronto *Globe and Mail.*

And a gallant fight it is, too.

■ The first question in today's mail is from a man who asks me to settle an argument that he and his wife are having about whistling. He says: "I contend that it is quite all right to whistle in calling a member of one's family or a close friend who knows this familiar whistle. My wife says that it is not good form to call either a child or an adult in this way at any time."

"*Answer:* Whistling signals can be proper within your family circle at home, but not in public."—Emily Post.

A sort of private toot.

How do you know you can't write?

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, news items, local, church and club activities, etc. —things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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We, the Jury: Many Called, Few Chosen

We have the right to be tried by a jury of our peers —but are our peers willing to sit in judgment on us?

by Hugh Garner

SOME unknown wit once said that a jury is twelve good men and true who could not think of an excuse to avoid jury duty. Like most remarks of this kind it relies heavily on hyperbole, but it still contains the kernel of a truth that has plagued sheriffs and court officers since the jury system came into being. Actually, to be chosen to act as a juror in our courts is not only a high responsibility, but a statistical freak, for your chances of being picked for jury duty are about as remote as your chances of being struck by lightning.

Most of the subsequent facts in this article are those pertaining to the province of Ontario, but give or take a word or figure here and there and they apply pretty much to Canada as a whole.

In order to be a juror you must be 21 years of age or over, a British subject by birth or naturalization, and in possession of your natural faculties. You may be either a property owner or tenant, but your property must have a value of $600 in cities or $400 in towns, villages or townships. These qualifications eliminate the fly-by-nights, the lunatic fringe and the dispossessed to begin with. Then the list of exemptions is so long, and covers such a multitude of sins and sinecures that a cursory glance at it makes you wonder just who *is* liable for jury duty at all, except lathe operators, real estate salesmen and pawnshop clerks.

You are automatically exempt if you are 70 years of age or over; a member of the Privy Council, Senate, House of Commons; the Secretary to a Governor-General or a Lieutenant-Governor. You can't sit on a jury if you are a Judge, Magistrate, Sheriff, Coroner or the boss man at a jail, nor if you are a sheriff's officer or constable, a court officer, fireman or a policeman. Ministers, priests, rabbis and nuns are exempt, and this, presumably, includes all the members of the Jehovah's Witness sect and those fundamentalist clergymen who are ordained through a mail-order theology course. Everyone who has a nodding acquaintance with the Hippocratic Oath is ineligible, including physicians, surgeons, dentists, veterinarians, registered nurses and druggists. One way to make sure you are not called for jury duty is to join the armed forces, for the members of the Navy, Army and Air Force are exempt; and so are aeroplane pilots (and, presumably, airline hostesses) and seamen. The heads of municipal councils are not called on to be jurymen, nor editors, reporters, printers or other physical habitués of the Fourth Estate.

IF YOUR JOB is one which keeps the wheels of industry running you may be called for jury duty, but if you keep the wheels of transportation turning, on a railway, street car or bus line, you may not be summoned, or if you are you can claim exemption. This also applies if you are a telegraph or telephone operator or work for your local electric utility. Lawyers and law students are exempt, and so are their husbands or wives. The wives or husbands of judges, magistrates, sheriffs, coroners, policemen and court officers are also let off from serving on a jury, a move which has probably done more to encourage marital harmony among these groups than anything up to the invention of chlorophyl gum.

The exemptions are rounded out by the exclusion of anyone once convicted of treason, felony, perjury, or subornation of perjury, and last, but not necessarily grouped with the foregoing, are our old friends the tax collectors.

Although the list of eligible jurors may seem to have shrunk to the size of a corporal's guard, there are still a few millions of us who may be called for jury duty. Let us examine, briefly, what a jury is, how it is chosen, and how it functions.

A jury in English law is a body of laymen, summoned and sworn to ascertain, under the guidance of a judge, the truth as to questions of fact raised in legal proceedings, either civil or criminal.

The modern jury is sometimes said to have had its beginnings in Roman times, or to have been introduced to England during the Norman conquest, yet as far back as Saxon Britain there was an institution analogous to the Grand Jury in criminal cases: the Twelve Senior Thegns. One of the earliest mentions of a jury dates back to the Assizes of Clarendon in 1166.

Juries are divided into several types, the Grand Jury, the Petit Jury, Division Court Jury and Coroner's Jury being the main ones.

THE GRAND JURY is made up of thirteen jurors whose duties can be divided into two main categories. First, to consider the evidence placed before them by the Crown, with respect to an accused person, and decide whether or not such evidence, in their opinion, is sufficient to warrant placing the accused on trial. If the decision is "Yes", a True Bill is returned, signed by the Foreman. If the decision is "No", then a No Bill is returned, signed by the Foreman.

The second function of a Grand Jury is the inspection of public institutions within the County, maintained in whole or part by public monies. The presiding Judge gives each Juror a list of such institutions, and instructs the Jury as to its duties in making these inspections.

A Foreman is selected, to preside over the deliberations, and at the conclusion of jury duty he drafts a Presentment setting out the jury's findings, which is then presented to the Court.

After the Presentment has been submitted, the Grand Jury's duties are completed. The sitting of the Grand Jury seldom requires more than eight days, and the jurors are free to go to their homes after each day's sittings.

The Petit Jury consists of twelve members, which is made up from a panel consisting of from 70 to 100 Jurors in some counties containing large centres of population, and of a lesser number in rural counties. The Petit Jury sits in judgment on criminal and civil cases. In civil trials and trials for misdemeanor, the jurors are allowed to go home during adjournment. In trials for treason, treason-felony and murder, the jurors, once sworn, must not separate until discharged. During the period of the trial they are held incommunicado, lodged in a hotel or other suitable accommodation, and are under the guardianship of sheriff's officers during this time.

Division Court Juries consist of five jurors, and function in Division Court cases involving sums greater than $50. Cases such as these are very seldom tried by a jury today, as the cost greatly exceeds the sum being sued for.

A CORONER'S JURY consists of five jurors, drawn from the immediate vicinity of the crime or accident. The findings of a Coroner's Jury are used as the basis of any trial arising out of the death they have investigated. No juryman may sit twice on a Coroner's Jury within one year.

Grand and Petit Jurors for Supreme Court and General Sessions receive $6 a day while employed, and a fee of 15 cents a mile (one way) for the distance covered from his place of residence to the courthouse, if he lives outside the municipality in which the courthouse is situated. Division Court and Coroner's jurymen receive a fee of $3 per day and 10 cents a mile travelling expenses, under the same conditions as apply to Grand and Petit jurors.

To use a phrase that describes the entering of the Pearly Gates but is also applicable to a jury panel, "many are called but few are chosen". Each chosen juror is a three-time loser, for at the beginning he still has that many chances of being turned down, even though his name appears on the Jury List. The procedure followed is this: the assessor in your municipality places the letter "J" beside your name on the assessment rolls; then your municipal clerk chooses a Jury List from these rolls, alphabetically, submitting twice as many names as are actually asked for. These names are then entered in the Jury List for the year, and are forwarded to the County Sheriff. He, in turn, draws by lot the names of those who will constitute the various Grand and Petit Jury panels. But even if your name is drawn by the Sheriff you still have a further chance of missing jury duty, for the Clerk of the Court still must draw your name from a box containing all the chosen names, for each individual jury being set up.

But let us presume that your name has been picked at all drawings and that you are summoned to appear for jury duty. You have two alternatives now, either to accept this job of citizenship or ignore the summons. The latter course is answerable by a sizable fine.

The reaction of some men called in a jury panel is a wish to avoid the obligation. The lost time and the restricted hours seem to be an infringement of their liberty. At the back of their minds is a half-forgotten recognition of the importance of the task, but many of them still try to avoid serving. In a pamphlet written by Sir John Hawles, Solicitor-General to William the Third, in 1680, a juryman says, "I am summoned to appear upon a jury, and was just going to try if I could get off." That was nearly three hundred years ago, but prospective jurors are still saying the same thing.

If you receive a jury summons in the mail, accept it philosophically. Don't forget that it is almost as difficult to be chosen as a juror as it is to win the Irish Sweepstakes. Jury duty won't mean as much money of course, but think of the criminals you'll meet. #

—photos by NFB

DRIVING SNOW and steam cut visibility as train nears switch in blizzard. Right—Broom, pick are symbols of switchman who keeps points free of ice and snow.

ON A 42,000-MILE WINTER FRONT

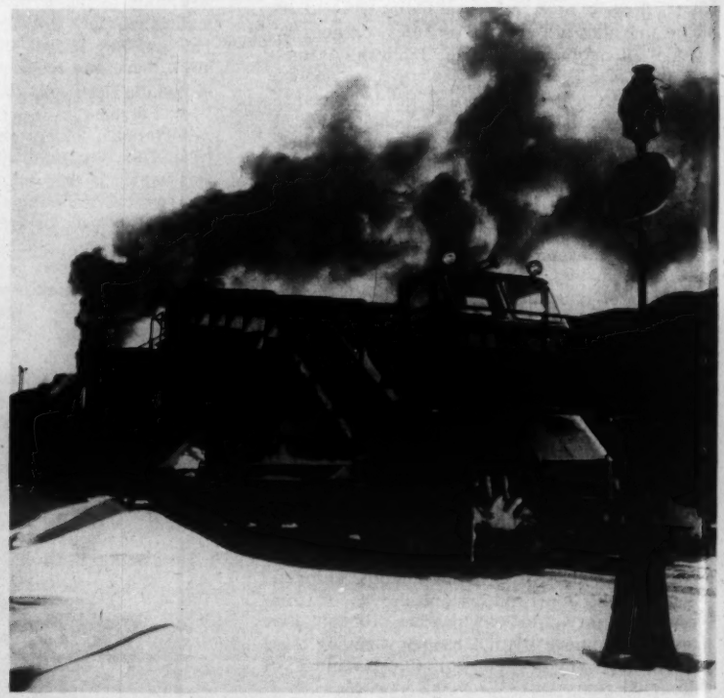
Snow-Fighters Wage Cold War

by John Irwin

CANADA'S railwaymen are fighting their annual battle along a cold front of thousands of miles of vital communications. Brakemen, engineers, switchmen and despatchers form an army of snow-fighters in well trained units at strategic points on the 42,000 miles of line. Armed with weapons old and new, they wage war against the railway's perennial enemy on lonely Prairie stretches, along the cuts and curves of the majestic Rockies, in and around cities, towns and villages and among the maze of tracks in freight yards and sidings.

Each winter as brake pressures drop with cold, lubricants freeze and snow piles along the line, this army tackles the back-breaking job of keeping passenger and freight locomotives and cars rolling smoothly and efficiently. They sweep

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



IMPRESSIVE AID to snow-fighters is 100-ton steam melter (above) which picks up and melts equivalent of 32 flat cars of snow into 10,000 gallon tank.

"GO AHEAD" signal is given by warmly-clad brakeman (left) who has one of railroad's coldest jobs in keeping freight and passenger traffic on the move.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S NEW PREMIER

THE MAN

by Richard O'Hagan

ONE MORNING early last October, a little over a week after he'd been installed as the new Premier of New Brunswick, Hugh John Flemming deserted his throbbing office in the Parliament buildings at Fredericton, climbed in his dirt-spattered blue 1951 Buick sedan and headed pell-mell for Woodstock—64 miles up the Saint John river valley.

There in the shiretown of his home constituency of Carleton county, he delivered the principal address at the opening of the new local Legion hall—his first official public appearance after taking office.

When his turn came to speak, the successful and youthfully handsome politician stepped front and centre to confide in the people. "I don't want to be called Your Honor," he told them, "though I suppose if there are a lot of people around you could probably say 'Mr. Premier', just so everything will be all right. But let me tell you, I would much prefer having you call me Hugh John—as always."

Thus New Brunswick's first Progressive-Conservative Premier in 17 years continued after election the pattern he followed so diligently before. "You just can't take it away from him," conceded one Liberal grudgingly. "He's got that something the voters like."

As for Premier Flemming himself, he likes to particularize a little more. "It was my undoubted sincerity that carried the weight," he says frankly. "All during the campaign I had people come up to me after a speech and say to me, 'Mr. Flemming, I think you're sincere.' "

Few people will disagree that Premier Flemming is the man most responsible for the upset triumph of his party. In fact, some Liberals go so far as to say that Hugh John didn't lead the Tories to victory, he dragged them.

Knocked out of his own seat in the PC sweep was Oxford educated John Babbitt McNair, who became head of the New Brunswick Government the year Flemming made his first serious stand in politics. It was 1935, a bad year for the Tories everywhere, and Hugh John was defeated in an attempt to get elected to the House of Commons. "But I didn't let it get me down," he said.

In 1944, after continuing his interest in municipal politics, he contested a seat in the Provincial Legislature and won. That year Conservative strength in the New Brunswick house was whittled from 19 members to 12. In 1948, an even blacker year for NB Tories, he was one of five members to take their places in the lonely opposition benches. The Liberals elected 47. (New Brunswick is strictly a two-party Province).

PREMIER HUGH JOHN FLEMMING

As the Opposition financial critic, Flemming earned a reputation for his consistent and pointed sniping. Then he became the house leader of the tiny PC representation. When the election was called, he was primed and eager to lead the hungry Tories into battle.

Flemming has been divorced and so has his wife. Both are now married for the third time. At first many PC's were worried. They felt that since New Brunswick is close to 40 per cent French-speaking and about 50 per cent Roman Catholic, this could be a vital factor in the outcome of the vote. But if it made any difference, it wasn't too noticeable.

The people were evidently more concerned with answering the PC's persistent calls to protest high taxation generally, and especially the unpopular 4 per cent sale tax the Liberals passed in 1950 to finance education and social services. (The Conservatives assured the electorate they would at least reduce the tax.) And, of course, the "time for a change" feeling was running high, too.

In the Provincial election before this one in Madawaska, a predominantly French-speaking county, the Liberal candidates were returned unopposed. This time the PC's won handily.

Hugh John Flemming didn't take anything for granted. The tall (six feet plus), solidly-built (200 lbs.) Tory chieftain went into the hustings a good two months before voting day and according to one observer, "turned on a campaign the likes of which this province hasn't seen in 50 years."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

THE POLITICIAN

by John Creed

CAN PREMIER Hugh John Flemming reduce or eliminate New Brunswick's controversial 4 per cent sales tax?

If you can answer this, in the opinion of on-the-scene political observers, you can answer the question of whether the newly-elected Progressive Conservative government can count on being returned to power a few years hence.

There is no doubt that the sales tax played a major part in the collapse of the former 17-year-old Liberal administration. New Brunswickers bitterly resented its introduction — especially as neighboring Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island don't have sales taxes. Everyone blamed Premier John B. McNair for overriding public opinion and insisting that the tax be put into effect. The Conservative opposition derided Liberal MLA's for letting the Premier herd them meekly into line to support him. At the same time the opposition claimed that New Brunswick's finances were in such bad shape that McNair had no other choice—that he, in turn, was being dictated to by the Province's bankers.

Now the hot potato has been dropped in the Conservatives' lap. It's up to them to do something about it.

Actually, the Conservative election platform was carefully worded so as not to commit Mr. Flemming unequivocally to get rid of the sales tax. The Conservatives merely "strongly favored" its abolition and pledged themselves to "direct our efforts toward that end."

But to the average voter, it was as good as an all-out pledge. He won't take kindly to any legalistic explanation next election time that "strongly favored" didn't mean "absolutely promised." He wants action.

Actually, not a great deal of money is involved, by the standards of modern governmental mathematics. The "social services and education" tax raised only $7,200,000 the last fiscal year, of total Provincial revenues of $47 million.

This means that to slice the tax in two for a starter, reducing it to two per cent, the Conservative government must find about $3,600,000 from other sources.

Accordingly, there is every indication that Flemming will save wherever he can by lopping off deadwood offices, consolidating and streamlining departments and bureaus, resisting pressure on the government to launch any major new welfare projects or further extend the paved highway system.

If he can hold the line on expenditures, it is always possible that increased Federal payments to the Province, resulting from Canada's expanding gross national production, will give him the amount needed to offset at least part of the sales tax.

The chief interest of the Conservatives at the moment, however, is to find out just how New Brunswick stands financially so that they'll know where they're starting from. One of Flemming's first official steps was to order an audit of the Province's books for the six months ending September 30 by a firm of chartered accountants.

While he will be reluctant to splurge on new welfare projects, Flemming has given assurance that existing social services will be maintained, and his platform calls for a new polio clinic, a home for mentally deficient children, an increased number of TB clinics, more assistance for crippled children and the establishment of orthopaedic clinics, efforts to obtain Federal assistance for the training of nurses, appointment of a chief welfare officer, and legislation to provide assistance to the disabled, particularly victims of silicosis. The health department has announced the opening of an education program in the treatment and prevention of alcoholism, as part of the general mental-health program.

As far as highways are concerned, it is expected Flemming will concentrate on improving present roads, some of which are chronically bumpy and pot-holed. Nova Scotia's are noticeably better on the average.

An effort undoubtedly will be made to retain the organized labor support which Conservatives believe helped them win in the key industrial areas of Saint John, Moncton and Edmundston. Flemming is committed to "improve existing

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The Press Conference Has Degenerated

A U.S. newspaperman recently returned from abroad deplores what has happened to the American system of questioning public officials

by Walter T. Ridder

TIME WAS when the press conference was one of America's most honored institutions. It served, at least to some extent, the same purpose as the questioning period in the British House of Commons. It afforded an opportunity for reporters to question public figures and would-be public officials, to receive their answers, to obtain explanations (either on or off-the-record) of certain policies and decisions, and in general to give the reporter some "feel" about the man who was being interviewed.

No longer is that true. The press conference, except in the case of the President of the United States, has degenerated into something approaching one of Hollywood's super-extravaganzas. The reporter might just as well stay at home. His chances of posing a question are remote; his chances of hearing the answer even more remote.

Reporter and interviewee are harassed by microphones, movie cameras, television lights, the scurrying of photographers, radio technicians, television engineers, the voices of both radio and television commentators, the mass of lines and wires needed for flashbulbs, klieg lights, tape recorders and live broadcasts, and the bawling of light engineers, cameramen, television production experts, and newsreel representatives.

The interviewee gets short shrift. He is pushed and hauled and shoved by the photographers as he enters the room until whatever good humor he might have possessed disappears in a violent eruption of strobolights, flashbulbs and photographers' instructions. He can no longer take a comfortable seat in which he might have had some opportunity to relax and give a little thought to his answers. Quite to the contrary.

He is led up to or thrust upon a rostrum, where he is surrounded by radio, television and tape recording microphones which all but hide him from the sight of reporters. He stares vacantly in the air while some tardy TV electrician (or is it cameraman?) comes racing to the stage clutching a light meter, and yelling for the conference not to start until he has zeroed in his camera.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS haven't yet finished their chores. They yell at the interviewee, at the reporters, at themselves, and at anyone else who may be handy, while they take for the fiftieth or sixtieth time "just one more." Having ceased at long last their basic task, they lurk on the sidelines, ready to swoop out at unexpected moments to get a candid shot of the interviewee. The latter spies them and holds himself on constant guard against still more flashlight bursts in his already near-blinded eyes.

Meanwhile, the cameraman has finally adjusted his lenses, or whatever it is he must adjust, and upon mutual agreement among all the production experts and technicians present, the press conference is permitted to commence.

Thereupon there fills the room the high whirr of movie cameras, the gentle scratchings of tape recorders, the muttered curses of cameramen, and the frantic footsteps of some technician who has forgotten to plug in some line and who elbows his way through, across and over the reporters in his haste to rectify his error.

A reporter attempts to ask a question. The interviewee gazes as best he can into the dark deep well of the room, unable to see the questioner because of the high-powered klieg lights which beat relentlessly upon him. A partially-heard voice wafts an only partially understandable question in the general direction of the rostrum. The interviewee attempts to answer, but more than likely, his reply is smothered by the cries of those who say they didn't hear the question. All concerned try again. The questioner by brute force finally makes himself heard and an answer is given.

A new group now makes itself felt. The partisans of the interviewee burst into applause, and congratulate him and themselves upon the skilful manner in which he did or did not answer the question. Just how or why the partisans are even present in the room, no one exactly knows, but there they are, ready to lend their moral support, vocal approval, and not-so-whispered advice to the interviewee in the moment of his travail.

THREE or four more reporters jump to their feet, asking follow-up questions. The interviewee, unable to see them through the stygian darkness imposed upon him by the klieg lights, does not know whom to recognize. He hears in garbled form various phrases from each reporter. With presumably ten million people watching his television performance, and uncounted millions presumably bending ears to the radio, the interviewee knows he can ill afford to ponder long the answer. He might be considered evasive. He gives, therefore, any answer which seems to cover those parts of those questions which he heard and hopes that the net effect will not be too disastrous. His answer is applauded.

The reporters, still trying to hold a press conference, are not having much easier going. The cameramen get bored with shooting only the interviewee, standing in his isolated splendor on the rostrum. They begin to shoot the reporters. Specifically, they begin to shoot the reporters as they ask questions. The newsman rises to pose his query. Immediately, the movie cameras swing in his direction, the boys working the small portable machines rush over to get a close-up, and in the ensuing noise and turmoil, the reporter can't hear the answer to his own question. He gets it later (perhaps) from a friend who was over on the other side of the room.

The legitimate reporters having more or less given up the struggle, the conference now is taken over by the crack-pots, representing either obscure or non-existent publications. Seeing the chance to perform on a nation-wide television hook-up, these interlopers ride their hobby-horses to the amusement, embarrassment, or just plain irritation of everyone else.

When they are finished, the interviewee or a reporter terminates the conference, and another press meeting is history.

JUST WHAT it has accomplished is anybody's guess. The reporters have never had an opportunity to throw anything more than hasty questions. The interviewee has had no opportunity to give thoughtful and considered answers. Off-the-record or discoursive elucidations have been impossible. Any fully rounded series of questions have been equally impossible. The conference has been on such a catch-as-catch-can basis that little of a constructive nature can result..

For how long will reporters put up with this? Not much longer. The current big-name press conferences are sheer waste of time, effort, and nervous energy. They have become part of the entertainment business and no longer serve the purposes for which they were originally designed.

Above all, though, it is imperative that if press conferences are to have any value, they must be held separately from sessions with radio and television. This puts, I realize, an added strain upon the public figure who must then do twice what he now attempts to do but once. That radio and TV will object is also recognized.

Yet it is clear that under current procedures, the press conference will wither from lack of reporters. A few show-offs and an extrovert or two might attend, but if the great body of reporters shares the feelings of this writer, they will all stay at home. It just isn't worth the effort. #

WALTER T. RIDDER, *Washington correspondent of St. Paul and Duluth newspapers, returned to the U.S. last winter after five years of newspaper and government work abroad.* *This article is reprinted by permission from* The Quill.

Song

ONLY at night, in sleep
Do I roam free.
A voice cries: Knock,
Doors open to me.

The region where no world
Is weighted on my shoulder;
Stride, sun pulls
Lustier and bolder.

Out upon frosty stars
I climb with precision,
Branching beyond
The world's decision.

At frill of the universe
On petticoat air,
Carelessly galaxies
Nest in my hair.

—DOROTHY LIVESAY

—International

SOVIET "DIPLOMACY": Talk of peace, with a show of force. Over this Red Square parade fly Soviet-copy B-29 bombers.

The Kremlin Faces East

by Edward Crankshaw

London.

THE year 1953 opens with a shift of emphasis in the cold war from West to East. Considering that in Asia the cold war is in fact a hot war—or a series of hot wars—the realization of its supreme importance may seem somewhat belated, as indeed it is. In Washington, London and Paris it is easy to see Europe as a whole and to measure the weight of the threat. But Asia is large and distant, and there has been a marked tendency to think not in terms of an Asiatic Communist front, no less real and perhaps more dangerous than the European Communist front, but in terms of isolated danger spots: Korea, Indo-China, Malaya.

The formal recognition by the NATO powers, conferring in Paris, of the significance of France's war in Indo-China as part of the common struggle may be seen to mark the end of this sort of thinking.

The Kremlin itself is, and always has been, deeply concerned with the conquest of Asia by Communism. Paris will fall on the banks of the Yangtse, said Lenin, in effect. What has not been clear, and still is not clear, is whether Stalin regards Asia as a supreme prize in itself, or whether he sees it primarily as a weapon in his persistent attempts to disrupt and disintegrate the anti-Communist coalition in the West, which remain in the forefront of his program.

WHAT evidence we have inclines us to the second view. No man in his senses, not even Stalin, can hope to be master of Asia. And it seems likely that the Kremlin's exploitation of Asiatic liberation movements is directed above all at weakening the Western alliance by depriving it of raw materials, diverting its military strength and exploiting possible causes of difference between the United States and the other countries of the free world. The continuation of the Korean war falls into the same category, as far as Russia is concerned.

Certainly the over-riding interest of Soviet policy in the months to come will be to exploit every possible real or imaginary difference between the United States and her allies. This policy, for a long time faithfully pursued, was made a first priority at the 19th Party Congress in Moscow in October. Stalin, in his preparatory essay in the review *Bolshevik*, which set the tone for the Congress, went so far as to suggest that war among the Western allies, driven to desperation by the loss of markets in East Europe, the Soviet Union, and the Far East, was more likely than war between the Western Allies and the Soviet Union. What we do not know is whether Stalin is basing his foreign policy on this assumption, or something like it, or whether the whole argument was concocted for domestic reasons, to reassure the people of the Soviet Union and give them fresh confidence.

Probably it was a mixture of both. That Stalin's attitude towards the outside world is very largely conditioned by the exigencies of domestic policy is as true today as it always has been. The Congress speeches made it clear that tremendous efforts are to be made in Russia and the satellites to build up their strength and war potential while avoiding provocative actions in the outside world. Instructions to Communist parties all over the world, which have translated themselves into the attempts to revive the "popular front" idea in Western Europe, the passiveness of the Communist Party in Finland, and the damping down of terrorism in Malaya have, during the past six months, testified to the reality of this policy.

—Long in The Minneapolis Tribune

NOBODY HERE BUT US CHINESE

The strain of the cold war has been felt inside Russia no less heavily than outside, a point we too often forget. And it seems likely that Stalin has been compelled to recognize that he has achieved as much in Europe as he can possibly achieve without precipitating a general war. For the time being, therefore, he is content to rest his hopes on an insidious undermining of the foundations of the free world in the West.

ASIA PRESENTS a different picture. There the Kremlin finds far more scope for aggressive action by proxy. On the face of it, so long as America is not pushed to desperate courses, there is no reason why the Kremlin should not work for the continuation of the war in Korea as well as in Indo-China. But the key to Korea must now lie in Peking rather than in Moscow. China is bearing the brunt of the Korean war, and, in the end, it must be for China to decide whether the game is worth the candle.

Both Russia and China here are faced with a dilemma. The fear of a strong and united China on the long and hardly defensible Russian frontier has been an occupational nightmare of Russian foreign ministers for the best part of a century. With all the will in the world the Kremlin cannot hope to dominate a resurgent China for ever; and while China is useful to Russia today by virtue of the fearful damage she is doing to the Western

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EDWARD CRANKSHAW, *the author of "Russia and the Russians" and "Russia by Daylight", is the London* Observer's *expert on Soviet affairs.*

—McCullagh Studio

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING LOBLAW GROCETERIAS' MODERN SUPERMARKET IN A NORTHERN SUBURB OF TORONTO.

RETAIL TRADE

The Rush Into Self-Service

by H. Stewart Treviranus

SIGNIFICANT of the trend in modern retail merchandising was the news that the F. W. Woolworth store in New York City has joined the serve-yourself and pay-as-you-leave band wagon. This company admits that the venture is purely experimental but it can be safely assumed it is here to stay.

Woolworth claims the reason for the experiment is that nowadays shoppers prefer to select their own purchases rather than wait for a clerk to attend them. Woolworth's main motive, however, is more likely to be the fact that it is very difficult this day and age to retain skilled retail personnel, not to mention their cost.

Provided that the experiment proves to be both economical and practical, the company plans to build new stores specifically designed to cope with pay-as-you-leave operations.

Stealing is not considered either a new or a mounting problem in connection with self-service stores, as an official of Woolworth put it: "What is now disappearing behind the counter will then be disappearing from in front of the counter."

Woolworth is certainly not the only variety chain store actively probing the field of self-service. The S. S. Kresge Company which operates 68 stores in Canada has more recently placed one of its stores in the U.S. on a pay-as-you-leave footing. Company spokesmen say the chief motive is to keep abreast of the times. They would be pretty unprogressive if they failed to keep an eagle eye on what the industry is doing. One gets the impression that there is a certain amount of skepticism regarding the favorable outcome of the experiment. Certainly there's no plan to apply the self-service principle on the scale that the food industry has adopted.

Variety chain stores as a group would be faced with an enormous financial problem if they were to attempt the wholesale conversion of all existing outlets. Conversion would not only call for interior changes, but also for changes in the very structure of the building. It is interesting to note that whereas food markets have added lines other than food to their displayed wares, variety chain stores do not contemplate encroaching on the field of food. They consider the food market's competition in their own lines more irritating than harmful. One reason is that "brand" selling is not possible in respect to variety goods. The latter are purchased direct from the manufacturer, who in most cases operates a relatively small firm which does not have a national advertising campaign. Since price rather than quality is their main selling point, these firms seldom show their own name on an article.

CUSTOMER selection is not entirely possible. In many instances an explanation is required to inform the customer of the use to which a certain article can be put. Consequently no saving is to be expected through staff reductions.

The adoption of self-service would, more than at present, place added emphasis on the appearance of the store. Even within the trade it is considered a deplorable fact that the variety chain store has not yet succeeded in being as inviting a place to shop as it could be, holding comparatively little appeal for the public.

The great attraction to the industry in favor of self-service probably harks back to human nature. The customer almost invariably ends up buying more than he had bargained for. Variety chain stores as a whole are certainly not rushing into self-service but in the words of one executive: "We are stepping into it rather gingerly."

To trace the birth of self-service is at best a difficult task. Drug stores for example have always utilized a well-loaded counter to display their numerous wares leaving but a tiny gap next to the cash register, where the customer concludes a transaction. But who is to deny that the customer was not subjected to self-service when he picked out an article and took it to the cashier? Self-service should therefore be treated entirely as part of the gradual change in the pattern of retailing.

The evolution can be traced through three definite stages. At the turn of the century, department stores emerged as a growing force, such a force, in fact that both the public and the merchants roundly abused them. This was followed by the depression out of which grew the chain stores. Again attempted legal discrimination was rampant. While prices became very competitive, a "dog eat dog" attitude was prevalent on the part of merchants. The third stage saw the advent of the super market and with it self-service as an institution complete with turnstiles, steel baskets and prepackaged merchandise. The gross profit was reduced to approximately one-sixth on the wholesale level. This evolution was watched with great interest by the independent merchant.

Today competition is such that the net profit in respect to food stores varies from 1½ to 3 per cent.

It is fairly obvious that self-service in its present form is not the complete answer to all retail trade problems. Self-service has now cornered 30 per cent of the total sales volume, and while the threat to the independent grocer is not so much the existence of super markets but rather their continued growth, there will always be a place for him pro-

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L'EXPERIENCE PINAY

French Couldn't Stand Good Government

by Willson Woodside

IT WILL BE HARD for the outside world to understand why the French have thrown out M. Pinay. He was the only French premier since de Gaulle to receive spontaneous applause in the cinemas. He seemed the personification of the solid millions of French of the provinces. He halted the inflation which has had France by the neck for a dozen years, he brought prices down, and defended the franc.

He won from NATO recognition that the French fight in Indo-China was a part of the general defensive effort of the West. He had taken a firm stand in Tunisia and Morocco, serving virtual ultimata on the local rulers. And he had on one occasion handed back to the U.S. Embassy an American *aide-memoire* showing how France could make a greater defence effort, as an impermissible interference in French domestic affairs.

But of course it is not right to say that "the French" threw out M. Pinay. He is merely the latest victim of an unstable and irresponsible political system which is the best the French people have been able to put together after writing and tearing up some 20 constitutions since the Revolution. Francois Mauriac, the celebrated writer and critic, says dolefully in *Le Figaro*: "We must conclude that the French people are able to secrete only a certain species of parliamentarianism, and that their bad political habits are closely linked with their character."

He adds ominously: "The saying that character is destiny applies to peoples as well as individuals . . . It is no use reproaching man for being what he is and what he has always been. There is no reason for indignation against anyone, neither against the businessman whose profit is his aim; nor against the deputies who have their own business, the most important in the world: their re-election; nor against the blind laws governing the ebb and flow of buyers in the market."

Mauriac sees "a formidable wall of private interests" confronting anyone who, like Pinay, tries to stabilize the currency, and expects that the mass of Frenchmen who urge and need monetary stability will bring about a rise in prices by panicky buying in an attempt to hedge against just such a rise. From all this he concludes gloomily about the government of France that "institutions do not change because men do not change."

PINAY WENT DOWN trying to change some of France's bad habits and challenge some of the selfish interests which have hardened into a political system which cannot effectively rule the country and an economic system which cannot properly support the nation under modern conditions. After having gone as far as one could on a combination of persuasion and threats in bringing out hoarded gold in a state loan last spring, and getting tax defaulters to pay up (if they did, past evasions were to be forgotten), Pinay proposed in his new budget a sweeping reform of business taxation.

What Pinay envisaged in the new budget which the Assembly rejected two days before Christmas was a long-needed fiscal reform intended to make the peasants pay more taxes and to make tax-dodging in business transactions, especially the common fraud of sales without invoices, much more difficult. It should be explained that in France one-half of all taxation is collected from the broad consuming public through taxes on goods as they are produced and passed up through jobber and wholesaler to the retail store.

Essentially the same form of taxation as that which supports the Soviet budget (though in France bread, milk and cereals are exempt), it is the most anti-social of all, as it bears far more heavily on the poor than on the rich. In our country, in Britain and in the U.S., the main burden of taxation has long been laid on the more well-to-do, through the graduated income tax. But in France they don't seem to believe that people will pay this up honestly or that it can be collected from them. So they prefer what seems the easier expedient of a turnover tax on goods.

PINAY WAS DETERMINED at least to collect this tax, and by making businessmen and peasants pay their share, ease the burden on workers and white-collar people. He proposed a single tax of 20 per cent on sales, with its provisions ingeniously worked out to prevent the frauds which circumvent the present tax of 15 per cent on production and 1.1 per cent on each transaction thereafter. And he proposed to collect this business tax also from agricultural cooperatives and sales organizations, which previously had been exempt. Going after another privileged group he wanted to clamp a tax on peasant-distillers who at present distil their alcohol tax-free.

And mind you, this budget was proposed by a man who is himself a manufacturer, owning and managing a tannery in a small town—when a Communist deputy abused him, during the Prague trial, as a factory-owner, Pinay thrust back at him: "We each have our business; mine is leather, yours is rope"—is also the leader of the parliamentary group of independents and peasants, and more than that, was the leader of a right-wing government!

It is to be doubted whether he could have carried even his own group along on the taxing of the peasants; and the Gaullists and Radicals balked at the new business tax. But the actual break in the coalition came when the MRP, the Catholic Popular Republican Party, rejected a proposal to cut into family allowances—which are on a far more generous scale than in Canada, about double ours in money value, or perhaps four times as great if you allow for the lower French standard of living—to provide more investment funds for building new hydro-electric dams and modernizing the coal mines.

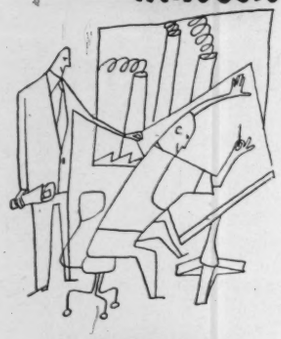
It would not do to suggest that the Pinay cabinet fell solely on the budget issue. This was the breaking point. There had been, to mention only one other point, a growing defection from M. Schuman's internationalist foreign policy. Under the French coalition system the support for every cabinet begins to erode almost from the time it is formed. The basis of cabinet-making is more often an undertaking *not* to touch certain policies which the various parties make their own special concern, than an agreement to *carry out* certain policies.

IN trying to get away from this treadmill policy, which can lead nowhere, Pinay began by drawing some of France's huge hoard of sterile gold out of hiding, and went on to tax reform, something which has been waiting 50 years. No doubt he would have gone on to legislate against the cartels which stifle initiative in French industry and keep up prices. Afterwards, he might have redrafted housing and rent legislation, the neglect of which over a long period of years has created a scandalous housing situation, in which about a third as many houses are being built in France as in Germany.

Then Pinay might have attempted electoral reform, so that one party might secure a majority and actually govern the country. But, foresightedly, M. Francois Mauriac's incorrigible Frenchman has acted to avert this. The surprise is not that Pinay has been thrown out, but that he lasted so long. #

INTENSE CONCERN in fall of Pinay shown by reporters reflects wide popular support premier had aroused.
—Wide World

A WEEK IN WINDSOR



OR A STOPOVER IN ST. LOUIS *

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The Kremlin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

world, the men in the Kremlin can hardly face with equanimity the prospect of a modernized, industrialized new power, a colossus of a power, so close to Vladivostok.

It is probably not too much to say that Stalin regards the Korean war as valuable to him not only because of its effect on the United States but also because it acts as a brake on China's progress.

The Chinese must also realize this. Mao Tse-tung now finds Russian help invaluable, and this state of affairs may last for many years. But Sino-Russian unity and total identification of interests cannot last for ever. In the natural course of events we should expect to find Moscow once more looking to Japan as a counter-poise to Chinese pretensions.

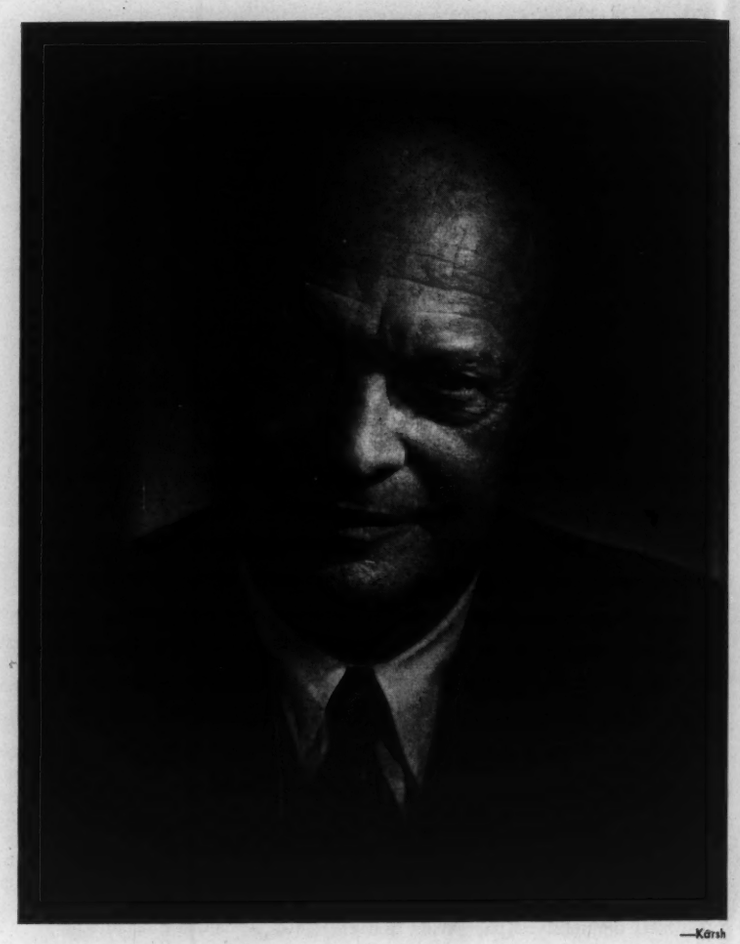
This is looking ahead a good deal farther than 1953. For the time being Moscow is going to great lengths to keep China sweet. She has been able to retain Port Arthur (in Manchuria), a state of affairs which the Chinese can hardly regard as permanent, because of China's Korean preoccupations. But Mao Tse-tung is clearly making his own demands. And an example of the importance the Kremlin attaches to the satisfaction of these demands can be found in the way the overburdened railway network of the Soviet Union is being employed to get goods to China quickly at the cost of severe dislocation of domestic traffic.

IN A WORD, in the West Stalin seems to be settling down to a species of cold peace, with Germany and Austria as the only real question marks, while in Asia he is concerned with keeping the various pots simmering until the general pattern becomes clearer, or until China gets tired of that game. It is a policy of wait and see—while inside Russia immense efforts are made to strengthen the home front.

Meanwhile, there are signs in every Western land that we are forgetting what the cold war is about simply because for some time there has been a lull in it. But the spirit behind the cold war continues, even if the cold war itself, at any rate as far as Europe is concerned, is taking on increasingly the aspect of a cold peace.

Thus one Western statesman after another has during this past year declared, directly or indirectly, that the danger of war in the West is remote. And everywhere there is a grateful easing off in the defence effort, so that poor General Ridgway in Paris is driven to agonized protest. It is an absurd state of affairs. It seems that the Western democracies are incapable of reason; in order to arm themselves at all they had to work themselves into a state of unedifying panic; and the moment they come through the panic they move into an equally fatuous mood of over-confidence.

As one who consistently since the cold war started has publicly maintained, even through the worst days of the panic, that there is no need to fear total war with Russia provided we keep cool heads, develop an unmistakeable sense of unity and resolution, and make ourselves strong, I can hardly be called an alarmist for saying now that if we slacken off and fail to make ourselves strong we increase the risk of war immeasurably.



—Karsh

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER, who on January 20 is to be inaugurated as President of the United States. Still a lieutenant-colonel early in the war, a meteoric rise carried him to five-star generalship and Supreme Command of the Allied Armies in Europe within three years. The reputation which he made then as a diplomatic general was further enhanced by his leadership of NATO forces in 1951-52. He goes to the White House with a wide knowledge of world affairs. One of his first concerns is Stalin's famous "peace" gesture.

—Yardley in Baltimore Sun

SLIGHTLY SKEPTICAL

By being strong I do not mean rushing about with war-cries and starting witch-hunts which cost nothing—except in deterioration of morale. I mean weighing the cost of security and sticking to the estimate, undiverted by the Kremlin's changing tactics. Our strength should not depend on what Stalin makes us think he is going to do, or not do, but on our own calculation, made in cold blood, as to what is necessary to insure us against possible contingencies.

INSURANCE, indeed, is the key word. Nobody thinks he is going to be run over in the street tomorrow; but it can happen. And every man in his senses insures himself against such risks, and, having done so, fits the premium into his annual budget, even if it means cutting down (as it nearly always must mean) on other expenditures. That should be our attitude. It may be called the actuarial attitude, as distinct from the emotional attitude; and it costs a great deal less in the long run. Stalin certainly has that attitude.

The crux is that the fundamental factor behind this present lull in the cold war is our own new strength and preparedness. #

PORTS OF CALL

Home of the Morning Cup

by **James F. Roche**

EVERY DAY millions of people throughout the world sit down to a morning cup of coffee, taking it as a matter of course, yet little realizing how far this coffee has travelled to reach the breakfast table.

Much of the coffee used today comes from the fertile plains of Brazil and passes through the famed coffee port of the world, Santos, 200 miles south of Rio de Janeiro on Brazil's coast.

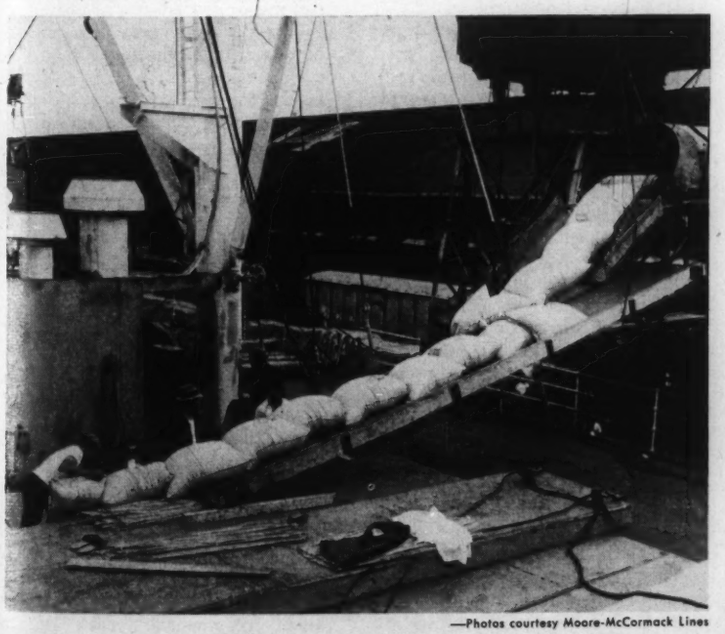
Santos has become one of the leading ports of Brazil since almost 80 per cent of the country's exports is in the form of this "green gold." Inland from Santos, a perfect combination of climate, fertile soil, and rainfall provides ideal conditions for cultivation of the coffee bean, and the Brazilians have made excellent use of these gifts of nature. In a good year, more than $300 million worth of coffee passes through the miles of warehouses and docks of Santos, and ships fill their holds each fortnight with hundreds and hundreds of bags of the green bean.

THE TECHNIQUE OF COFFEE TASTING REQUIRES EXPERTS

LINERS call at Santos regularly on their 38-day, year-round voyages to South America's East Coast, as hundreds of passengers make the trip from New York also to Trinidad; Rio de Janeiro; Montevideo, Uruguay; and Buenos Aires, Argentina. During much of the year, additional calls are made at Barbados in the West Indies, and Bahia, on Brazil's north coast.

Santos, or the Port of all Saints, was so named because it was discovered on All Saints Day in 1532; some of the first Portuguese settlers landed near Santos and the atmosphere of the city still reflects the Portuguese influence. Many of its old churches, houses and commercial buildings look as if they had been transplanted intact from an old seaport in far-off Portugal.

Although primarily a commercial and port city, Santos enjoys local fame as a resort. Its excellent hotels and restaurants, and its miles of white beaches draw increasingly large numbers of visitors every year. One of Latin America's finest beaches is located at Guaruja, across the river from Santos and easily reached by ferry. This beach is reminiscent of famed Copacabana Beach in Rio, and boasts a magnificent large beach-front hotel and outdoor swimming pool.



—Photos courtesy Moore-McCormack Lines

BAGS BY THE HUNDRED POUR ABOARD SHIPS AT SANTOS

Many passengers from ships make the lovely drive to the summit of Monte Santa Terezinha, the highest peak overlooking Santos; the view from this spot is excellent and particularly spectacular at night, when the lights of the city and the ships in the harbor spread out below like a myriad of glittering diamonds. On the summit is a lovely old chapel, dedicated to the patronesses of seafarers, a reminder that Santos is first, and last, a city that depends on world trade not only for its prosperity but for its very existence.

ANOTHER interesting sight in Santos is the Coffee Exchange, where wooden stalls, in which samples of the coffee beans are exhibited, are set up around the marble-floored amphitheater. Of the many processes peculiar to the coffee trade, one of the most interesting to watch is the work of the coffee tasters. They sit at large circular tables on which have been placed numerous cups of coffee, each containing exactly the same amount, but each brewed from a different grade of coffee bean. The tasters revolve the tables and sample as many as twenty cups of coffee in two minutes. They can tell instantly whether or not the coffee measures up to the correct standards, and there is practically no disagreement of the coffee's quality among the tasters.

To visit Santos is an experience not soon forgotten. A city of contrasts; the bustling harbor, the quiet, inviting beaches with their lazy surf; the glistening new public buildings, the churches and houses reminiscent of ancient Portugal; the rapid pace of the waterfront, the sleepy atmosphere of the town, and above all, the incredibly large coffee trade that makes Santos a word synonymous with coffee. #

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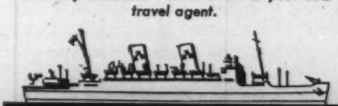


Canadian Pacific
RELAX MORE—TRAVEL BY SHIP

MUSIC

Letter to a Young Composer

by Lister Sinclair

I HAVE received a letter from a young Canadian composer (J. Sebastian Piphammer) who says he is going to try to earn his living writing symphonies, and wants to know the best way to be a success.

My reply to him is as follows:

Dear Mr. Piphammer:

Your question is easily answered. You cannot earn a living writing symphonies. It is a matter or arithmetic. If you write a symphony, you will probably have to provide every one of the hundred-odd players with the necessary music. The cost of copying all this will be anything from five hundred to a thousand dollars, and the chances are that you will have to pay for it. The more unknown you are, the more likely you will have to pay. In return, you will probably be paid only a nominal sum, or perhaps even nothing at all. Having your music performed at all will be considered payment.

But apart from this, I know your music is not good enough, without hearing a note of it. No lectures have been given on it. No books have been written about it. Music appreciation courses in schools have not made it for ever memorable and for ever hateful. No popular songs have been dissected out of it. No recordings have been made of it. Brahms has not written a set of variations on one of your themes.

At least four of those conditions are essential nowadays if your music is to be any good. It is no use saying that none of these things will happen until the stuff has been played for a while and people know it. Music nowadays never is played until people know it already.

But do not despair. Go ahead: try and earn a living writing symphonies. Just try it. You will be dead in no time. And this will be the best thing that could possibly happen to you.

MY ADVICE to any young composer is always: Die. Drop dead immediately if possible; if this is not convenient, die as soon as you can manage it. Remember that every minute you stay alive postpones your fame.

Not very long ago, a new funeral home opened in North Toronto. I was delighted to see that it followed the usual mercantile custom, and announced a 15 per cent reduction for the first month in order to attract new business. What better motto could a young composer have? Die now and save 15 per cent. Music understands better than any other art, except perhaps painting, the axiom that genius is the talent of a dead man.

Furthermore, if you can persuade several of your young friends to die soon in the same city, you will quickly make that city a haven of musical culture. Think of Vienna's reputation: all gained by killing off Mozart at the age of 35, and Schubert at the age of 31.

With care a man can even die more than once. It is not widely known that the famous Kleinburg school of symphonic writing consisted entirely of one man who wrote under a number of pseudonyms which he kept killing off. In this way, he soon turned himself into a large group of dead composers, all with a very similar style, and himself still alive to enjoy it. When he realized, however, there was no way for him to collect royalties, he sickened of the thing, and in a series of brilliant articles demolished the idea that the composers of the Kleinburg school had anything in common except lack of originality, and thus put a stop to the whole sorry business.

EVEN death does not entirely solve the problem of originality, you see. If your music is too original, no one listens to it because it does not sound like music they know already. If it is not original enough, no one plays it because it does sound like music they know already.

Whether it is really any good or not has nothing to do with it; originality is all. Also the audience must be able to recognize it. Sibelius, for instance, wisely endeared himself to Canadian audiences by beginning "Finlandia" with an exact imitation of the foghorn of the Point Atkinson lighthouse, near Vancouver. Beethoven wisely began his Fifth Symphony with a suggestion from Mr. Churchill, and his Sixth Symphony with a theme from the Walt Disney motion picture "Fantasia". Both these works thus became popular.

But you must not go too far, or else even the conductors and players may eventually get to know the piece as well as the audience and this is fatal unless you have been dead for a very long time indeed. There are really only two kinds of conductors, as a rule. The first kind only play music they have played at least a thousand times before; to win over this kind, all you have to do is simply stay dead. The second kind only play music they have never played before; just don't be too memorable, and they will never notice.

THE music critics you can ignore. Most of them do not like music, and so do not mind saying something nice about a man who is dead. The few who do like music are soon so unbalanced by their terrible experiences that they become venomous, immoderate and preposterous and are looked down upon by all right-thinking people.

It is true that occasionally a living Canadian composer gets a chance. Sir Bernard Heinze, the Australian conductor, was in Canada recently and played contemporary Canadian music. He said he thought it as good as any other contemporary music; but a lot of people thought this must have been intended as an insult. These people are direct descendants from the people who said that Mozart knew nothing about harmony, and that Schubert did not know how to write melodies.

Think what fools we are going to sound, Mr. Piphammer, a hundred years from now when Toronto's musical reputation will be founded on having starved you to death. The laugh will certainly be on us then.

So do not be downhearted. You can go as far as you like, providing you go there feet first. As far as mere worldly success goes: alas, my Shakespeare calendar as usual sums it up:

If music be the love of food, lay off. #

—Paul Rockett

MADAME BUTTERFLY in Festival is Irene Salemka, Weyburn, Sask.

Opera

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

A good many of these talented people, along with Toronto members of the cast, are taking advanced training or coaching at the Royal Conservatory, and most of them are finding that singing professionally in Canada and eating are not necessarily incompatible.

What is almost equally important to the singers who have been in all four festivals is that they have had the opportunity to sing 11 different operas in their own country. This year the company will repeat Puccini's "Madame Butterfly", and present Mozart's gay farce "Cosi Fan Tutte" and the dramatic contemporary work by Gian-Carlo Menotti, who also wrote "The Medium" and "The Telephone", "The Consul." Other operas, in addition to "Butterfly", which have been presented include "Rigoletto", "Don Giovanni", "La Bohème", "The Marriage of Figaro", "Faust", "Manon", "The Magic Flute" and "The Bartered Bride."

The first festival was entirely a Royal Conservatory operation and incidentally a huge success artistically. More important was the nice little balance in black ink in the budget book—not big, but black! Obviously there was a ready-made audience in Toronto for opera but the people at the Conservatory were nearly exhausted from taking on not only the stupendous task of producing three operas but the financing, ticket-selling, advertising and other strenuous detail work. Consequently, in November, 1950, the Opera Festival Association was formed from a group of citizens willing to take on the business administration of the operation.

The Women's Committee of the Association, which until this year assisted in concerts at the Conservatory too, assumes as its biggest job the responsibility for tickets, which, with the Royal Alexandra holding more than 1,500 people and there being 13 performances, means nearly 20,000 sales.

While the Association and the committee work on the business details the musical director, Nicholas Goldschmidt, the artistic director, Herman Geiger-Torel, and Dr. Ettore Mazzoleni, Conservatory principal, can get on with the musical end of things.

This year "Madame Butterfly" will be directed by Maestro Ernesto Barbini, an assistant director of the Metropolitan who has joined the Conservatory faculty. Mr. Goldschmidt will conduct the Mozart work and "The Consul", which of the three seems to be creating the most interest.

Performing a contemporary opera is a definite forward step, the musicians and Festival Association feel. But it is not the end. Their dream is a full season of opera, and an audience coast-to-coast which would make it possible for the opera to go on tour, with, if the ultimate in dreaming could be realized, an opera written by a Canadian, sung by Canadians within geographical reach of all Canadians. #

Out of the Wolf's Mouth

by **Eric Nicol**

WOMEN'S magazines often run articles of advice to their readers on the subject, How to Tell the Wolf from the Gent. As a rule these articles are written by nice old ladies who at best are recalling wolf tactics of 30 years ago. Why doesn't somebody ask a modern, streamlined wolf to spill the beans? (Here I dart into the wings and reappear immediately wearing a wolf head and carrying a mess of beans.)

I have been a wolf in good standing, or springing, for several years. That is, I have succeeded in combining feminine companionship with that evasive action needed to avoid the impact of the Life Force, the blow that has knocked so many fine fellows bang into matrimony.

It would be to my interest, wolf-wise, to let ride the sort of advice the girls are getting from the magazines. It can't do us anything but good. As soon as a girl stops using her own wits, or lacking wits her hatpin, and starts going by the book, she is as good as in the pot. The wolf can read, too. Avidly. The girl is building her house of straw, and in two huffs and a puff the up-to-date wolf will have the straw blown in a heap and the girl struggling on it.

For example, the article I have before me advises: "Notice the kind of thing he likes to talk about, what he does in his spare time, and whether he has a tendency to try to steer a girl into a secluded corner where he can test her out as a petting partner. These are all little signs that point toward the type of character he is."

The spirit of fair play constrains me to point out that this is pure goof-juice. No wolf worth his assault would ever be so crude as to try to steer a girl into a secluded corner. Or if he did it would be only to show her his photos of his old dog Shep.

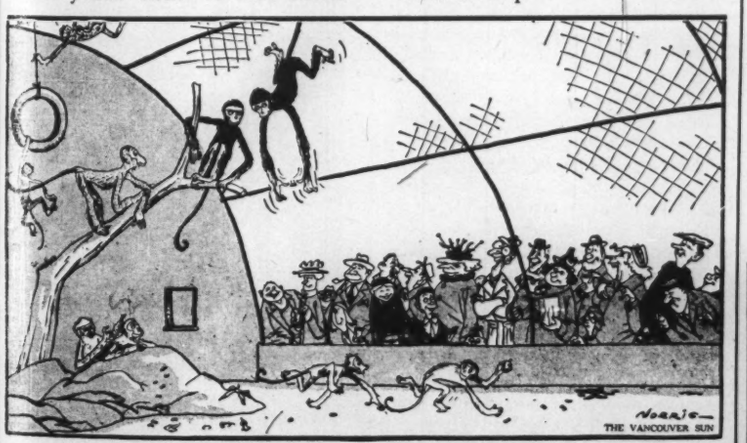
My own technique, after singling out a nice plump little quail and squirming through the bracken of introductions, is to be very attentive in public, and once we're alone lapse into a brown study. You have nothing to fear, girls, from the lad who impulsively tries to get fresh the moment you're alone. A little skilled parrying and you'll have him eating out of your hand, if that's your idea of fun. But beware of the man who respects you, who talks about the uplift of spending his spare time spooning out gruel at the Salvation Army mission, and who doesn't attempt to kiss you goodnight but merely shakes hands with that strong, silent look that suggests that the irresistible force of passion has met the immovable object of gentlemanliness. That boy's up to no good. I know—he's me.

It has been my experience as a predator that nothing drives a girl wild faster than too much respect. Every woman likes to think of herself as seductive enough to overwhelm the good intentions of any man. If her escort goes on respecting her for date after date (and no seasoned wolf expects a quick kill), she will resort to extremes to convince herself that she isn't slipping. Ah, the dears, how often have I heard them urge me to have another drink! And as I've watched them raise their glass to mine, what satanic laughter lay behind my innocent blue eyes!

"It is very simple to tell whether a man is a gentleman or a wolf," burbles on this article. "The kind of man a girl should fall in love with is considerate, unselfishly eager to please her, protective and generous."

The description fits me, ravisher of the fold, long-toothed Larry, to a "t". I am consideration itself, always punctual, always ready with the cigarette lighter, or a tasteful bouquet for the mother of the victim. I am unselfishly eager to please the young lady, letting her drive my car until it (Goodness!) runs out of gas. I am protective, offering to unlock her door and take a look around the apartment to make sure there are no burglars about. And nobody can say I'm not generous, with my time at least.

But am I the kind of man a girl should fall in love with? Well, yes. Every man is a wolf until some woman has made him look sheepish. That's all the advice you need to remember, girls: the only difference between a gentleman and a wolf is that one is in captivity, the other waiting his turn at the trap.



—Norris in The Vancouver Sun

". . . let 'em laugh . . . take their peanuts . . . now they've got their H-Bomb it's only a matter of time . . ."

When does a "simple cold" become serious?

Whenever fever — even a degree or so above normal — accompanies a so-called "simple cold," it is serious enough to be called to the attention of your doctor.

Many of us are inclined to regard a cold all too lightly—even when it brings on "a touch of fever." We may say: "It will be gone tomorrow," and, relying on our favourite home remedy, attempt to continue our usual activities.

Doctors take a more serious view of colds. They believe that any cold should be properly treated—and preferably as soon as it develops. While many measures are used for the relief of colds, most physicians believe that the best treatment is simply this:

Remain at home and rest as much as possible, preferably in bed; eat light, wholesome food; drink plenty of liquids; and be sure to check your temperature.

The latter point is particularly important because a feverish cold often indicates the onset of more serious illnesses—sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis, and certain communicable diseases including the various forms of pneumonia.

In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for nine out of ten cases of pneumonia. So, in addition to keeping check on your temperature, it is wise to watch out for chills, pain in the chest or side after coughing or deep breathing, and the appearance of rust-coloured sputum. *Should any of these symptoms of pneumonia develop, call the doctor at once.*

Fortunately, medical science has made enormous strides against pneumonia. Just a few years ago, one out of every three pneumonia victims died. Today modern drugs are so effective that only one out of every 25 cases is lost. This record should not lull anyone into a false sense of security—for pneumonia can still strike and rapidly become serious. Prompt treatment is just as vital as ever.

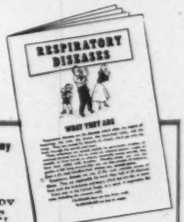
Good health habits help prevent winter ailments such as pneumonia. So, during the cold months ahead, you may find these simple precautions helpful in conserving your resistance against colds, pneumonia, and other respiratory diseases:

Avoid loss of sleep, excessive fatigue, and over-exposure to extreme cold and dampness.

Eat a well-balanced daily diet.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

See your doctor for a thorough physical examination if you have frequent colds.



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Premier Flemming: The Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

He motored more than 10,000 miles, got along on five hours' sleep a night, turned up at every nominating convention in 17 constituencies, talked himself hoarse at crossroad stump meetings and spoke constantly by radio. And he thrived on it. "I even put on a little weight," he laughed.

Meanwhile, Premier McNair was limiting himself to half a dozen radio addresses and a couple of public speeches. Though they know he was not well, many Liberals felt he hadn't done enough in his own behalf. Some even came right out and said he deserved what happened to him.

"I knew that if he soon didn't pick up his moccasins and get out of the wigwam we'd take a licking and that's exactly what happened," said one Liberal worker ruefully.

Least surprised by the stunning PC landslide was Flemming himself. In mid-August when even the most wildly optimistic of his colleagues were looking for a 20-seat reduction in the Liberal majority, Hugh John was flatly predicting a turn.

One of Flemming's aides recounts the story of the Premier-elect on the day his cabinet was sworn in. He was in the lobby of Fredericton's Lord Beaverbrook Hotel when he ran into a man who had been a cabinet minister in the McNair government and was one of 16 Liberals re-elected.

"Weren't you surprised by the results?" he asked Flemming, a bit hopefully.

"Why, yes, I was," answered the new Premier. "I thought we'd take all 52 seats."

THOUGH he'd been exposed to politics most of his life, Hugh John Flemming didn't get a first-hand taste until he drove his father during his campaigns in the mid-20's.

J. K. Flemming, Hugh John's father, started as a country school teacher, was a village merchant, a lumber operator, and Premier of New Brunswick. He held office from 1911 to 1914. It was later while his father was seeking election to the House of Commons that Hugh John lent his assistance. (J. K., a colorful figure given to high-flown oratory and swallow-tail coats, was elected but never went to Ottawa. He died soon after).

Some people insist that Hugh John inherited many of his father's most politically-advantageous characteristics, notably a remarkable memory for names and faces and an easy manner in meeting people.

Premier Flemming first entered the lumber business, in which he has since made a considerable success, when his father sent him to the backwoods hamlet of Juniper, where the family operations were centred. "I thought at the time it was just for the winter," said the Premier, "but I've been there ever since. . ."

He still makes his home in tiny Juniper where nearly the entire population of 1,000 is dependent on his mills and logging projects. He is also substantially interested in woodworking mills elsewhere in the province.

Flemming has brought with him to the office of Premier the habit of early rising—ingrained during his years as a lumberman. He is regularly on hand a good half hour before the arrival of his personal staff—a male private secretary and two stenographer-receptionists.

The Premier has a staunch admirer in his private secretary, Ken Carson, who for 11 years was secretary of the Provincial Conservative association. Said he: "I think the Premier's two principal attributes are an acute sense of humor and a wonderful sense of proportion," adding with a touch of admiration, as he reached for his own busy phone. "He's a practised telephone man, too."

BUT Carson thinks he still has some work to do in getting the Premier accustomed to keeping appointments. During the first two weeks after he took over the suite of offices formerly occupied by McNair, the Premier was constantly running behind schedule on his dates, sometimes up to an hour.

On occasion when he'd get partially caught up, he'd appear in the reception room, inquire who was next, shake hands with the two or three others waiting, and disappear again into his office.

Far from the buzz-saw type, Premier Flemming is deliberate and quiet-spoken. He has already impressed his colleagues with his capacity for work. He also holds the portfolio of public works which he took because of a yen to keep the letting of road and building contracts under a sharp eye. One of his most repeated charges during the campaign was that the Liberal administration was being run by contractors.

To match his personality, he dresses quietly, sometimes almost clerically. His favorite garb of office is a navy blue suit, white shirt, royal blue tie, dark socks and black shoes. He has a thick head of wavy brown hair, threaded with grey, and he wears light horn-rimmed glasses.

Despite the heavy work schedule he follows, Premier Flemming relaxes quickly and easily. One of his favorite diversions is talking about his sons—both by a previous marriage. The younger, Gerrard, a junior at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, is a four-letter athlete—baseball, basketball, football and track. Big and fast, he has been tabbed as a definite big-league prospect by his baseball coach, old-timer Danny Fayden, once with the Boston Red Sox.

Right now, he doesn't think his sons have much interest in politics. "But then again there was a time when I didn't either," reminisced Hugh John. "I wanted to be a doctor . . . I still think about it," and he added with a twinkle, "but I haven't any regrets."

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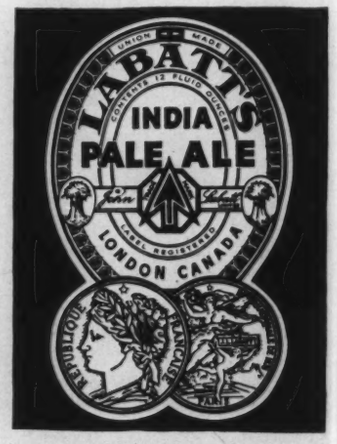

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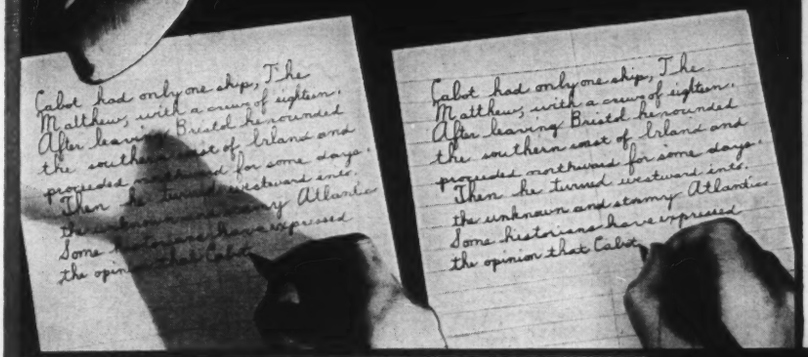

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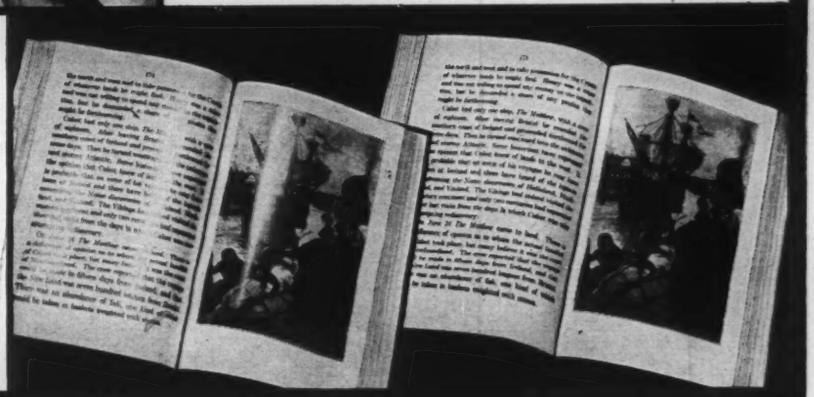

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Premier Flemming: Politician

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

labor legislation, bringing it up to modern, progressive standards." He has promised that a fair-wage clause will be included in all Provincial Government contracts. Already the labor department under Hon. Arthur E. Skaling of Saint John, a mason and veteran trade-union official, has helped solve one troublesome industrial strike, and has issued two minimum-wage orders applying to practically all female workers in the Province.

Unquestionably, too, the Conservative Administration will give New Brunswick's French-speaking people a full say in Government policy, in return for the Acadian backing that helped turn the tide against McNair's forces. To many New Brunswickers, Flemming's feat of cracking the solid north by taking Madawaska and Restigouche counties was roughly comparable to Eisenhower's feat of cracking the solid south.

It's already evident that Flemming plans to be strict about enforcement of highway regulations, and particularly stern in enforcing the laws concerning suspension of drivers' licenses after they've been convicted for motor vehicle offences. It's going to be tougher for drivers to get them back.

One thing the Conservatives are jubilant over is the fact that now they can disprove the oft-heard campaign rumor that "they'll take away your old-age pensions." Conservative MLA's recall angrily how much time they had to spend, as candidates, refuting these accusations at political gatherings.

A GREAT many new faces will be seen when the first session of the new Legislature opens at Fredericton, probably earlier than usual in the spring. Of the 36 Conservatives, only Flemming and elderly Dr. E. T. Kennedy of Sussex were members of the last House, while two others were formerly MLA's. There will be more parliamentary experience on the Liberal side, where the leader will be Austin C. Taylor of Salisbury, ex-minister of agriculture, one of five McNair cabinet members re-elected. McNair himself, defeated in his own York County, has retired from active politics.

The Flemming cabinet is noteworthy for its unusual youthfulness. Most of the ten ministers are in their 30's or early 40's. Some were mere boys when the last Conservative administration—Hon. L P. D. Tilley's—was sworn in a couple of decades ago. The cabinet includes two war heroes Hon. Norman Buchanan, 37, of St. Stephen, minister of lands and mines, was a triple winner of the Military Cross during World War II—in North Africa, Italy and Germany. He rose from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel, commanding the 12th Field Regiment, RCA. The "baby" of the cabinet, Hon. Roger Pichette, 31, of Campbellton, minister of industry and development, won the DFC for his part in the bombing of the German battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* in French ports. Among other war veteran MLA's is Buchanan's running mate, Lorne Groom of St. Stephen, who lost both legs in the last conflict. The "daddy" of the cabinet, incidentally, is Labor Minister Skaling, who has reached the ripe old age of 61.

PREMIER Flemming (53) has kept for himself the portfolio of public works, a department which has been a storm centre in past years because of the heavy spending involved in road contracts. The Conservatives are pledged to adhere to the tender system of awarding highway jobs.

The Conservative side of the House includes two brothers—Hon. Dr. John F. McInerney, Fredericton, minister of health and scoial services, and barrister George E. McInerney, Saint John.

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U.S. EXPORT-IMPORT

Congress Holds the Key

by R. L. Hoadley

ONLY seven years ago U.S. exports passed the ten billion dollar mark for the first time. Yet in 1952 they approximated $16.2 billion —shooting up to a new high record for the second successive year. The story may be different another year. Trade observers who seldom miss in their prognostications look for a decline of 5 to 8 per cent in 1953 exports. They base this estimate on the recent decline in European production levels and the pending cut in Marshall Aid.

But while exports may taper off, imports seem bound to rise in 1953. Last year they declined $360 million from the record $10,961 million chalked up in 1951. Purchases from abroad may rise to $11,250 million in 1953, a new high by a much smaller margin than international trade minded Americans would like.

The import outlook will depend to a great extent on Congress and the trade policies pursued by the Eisenhower administration. Should the Buy American Act, for example, be repealed, U.S. imports in 1953 might easily be increased by $250 million.

Then there is the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act which comes up for renewal in 1953. This law provides the mechanism for the reciprocal reduction of tariffs. President Truman had great difficulty in getting this law renewed in 1951 when several restrictions considered onerous by other trading nations were appended to it.

High tariff men have raised the cry that little leeway is left to cut tariffs under the act. Low tariff advocates promptly point out that U.S. tariff duties are still high, especially on luxury goods and a long list of items in which Canadians are interested such as chemicals, fine papers, beverages, laces, nickel and other metals. The fight over the trade agreements bids fair to be the major struggle on foreign trade legislation to be taken up in the new congress.

THE U.S. Department of Commerce experts scanned the foreign markets and arrived at the following conclusions which they are passing along to exporters. In Latin America, trade prospects should continue to be favorable in Venezuela and Colombia but may be adversely affected in Mexico because of the tendency towards increased protection for domestic industries. A decline in the production of sugar is expected in Cuba where this commodity is the main crop.

There have been increasing delays in dollar remittances from Brazil to the U.S. with the backlog of commercial debt nearly $300 million. This indebtedness must be cleared before this lucrative market opens up again. Argentina's depressed trading position should improve if the wheat crop is as large as anticipated.

Tight export controls probably will continue in the sterling area throughout most of 1953. In Europe, market prospects are brightest in Belgium and Switzerland. Austria is making economic strides. But in Western Germany and The Netherlands the outlook is less certain. Marked increases in German dollar earnings are by no means assured. France and Italy have economic problems that hurt the U.S. market in those countries. Italy's purchases of raw materials will depend upon her ability to secure raw materials from non-dollar sources.

Japan offers the most attractive prospects of any Far East country. Much depends there upon the continuation of large American military expenditures in Japan. In India and Indonesia U.S. traders are confronted with dollar difficulties and the competition of British, Japanese and European suppliers. Throughout the Far East the U.S. Commerce Department finds a continuing shift toward the use of dollar exchange for capital goods at the expense of consumption goods. #

Nickel— A Bright Future

WORLD PRODUCTION of nickel is still insufficient to meet current requirements. Nickel is one of the remaining half-dozen metals still allocated by The International Materials Conference. According to *The Economist*, producers are pressing ahead eagerly with exploration for new nickel deposits.

The giant in this field is the International Nickel Company of Canada, which produces 90 per cent of Canada's, and over 80 per cent of the free world's, annual output. This company's expansion program, entirely financed out of the company's own resources, should provide International Nickel with an annual capacity of 13 million tons of ore and therefore maintain its present annual output of about 250 million lb. of refined nickel.

Canada's second largest nickel producer, Falconbridge Nickel Mines, also has an expansion program in hand, hoping to reach an annual output of 35 million lb. by 1954; while Sherritt Gordon Mines are developing nickel-copper deposits in Manitoba and expect to complete a new refinery next year with a capacity of 17 million lb. Outside Canada, a U.S. aided project in Cuba is expected to produce 30 million lb. of nickel next year.

Despite this increase in production, nickel producers do not seem to fear any serious drop in demand whenever rearmament production tails off. Stockpiling by governments may continue for some little time. As restrictions on the use of nickel and nickel alloys are removed, the metal should find a ready market for its traditional uses in the steel industry for hardening and rust resistance. #

A Most Important Client . . .

A few days ago a man who had not done business with us before, dropped in to discuss the formation of an investment program. He told us he had bought the odd security now and again on what he called "a hit or miss basis," but had never given any really serious thought to the many phases that enter into the proper planning of an investment program. While the amount involved could not be considered large, it was his money and it did mean a great deal to him. We knew this and tried to give him the assurance and the kind of assistance which we felt would help him reach the objective he had in mind. We gave his problem a good deal of thought and had several discussions with him. When the program was finally worked out he seemed pleased and told us that we had made him feel like a pretty important person.

Well, he was an important person. He was important because his business was important . . . important to him and therefore important to us.

Our recognition that every client is important is a principle on which our business has grown since its establishment over 63 years ago. Many of our clients . . . or accounts, as we often call them . . . are large . . . and we are well equipped to look after them, but many are not so large and indeed, some, are of rather modest size. Many have continued to do business with us regularly over the years . . . actually we have some three-generation accounts.

Of course we also do business with many financial institutions and industrial companies. But no matter what the type . . . or size of the account, it is an Ames' principle that each receives the same careful, personal, confidential attention that we hope you yourself would want. When you discuss your investments with us we hope that you, too, will feel like a pretty important person . . . because to us you are a most important client.

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Insurance: Odd Claims

by Geoffrey L. Pratt

IT SEEMS impossible to leave this subject of Household Inventories alone. Just shows to go you that a big fat mouth (with non-slipping dentures) can be opened once too often.

That just sets the stage for a really healthy puff in support of all these insurance companies who approach the wierdest claims under personal property floater policies with tolerance and understanding.

Let false teeth provide the example. It is a cinch that ownership of a set of artificial choppers is a highly personal affair. If groceries in the kitchen are 'personal property', Pop's teeth certainly fit too. And, in the old-fashioned family of seven, there could be a couple of thousand dollars' worth of gleaming dentures.

Without fear of being seriously challenged, it can be said forthrightly that not a single family ever itemized its store teeth!

There was the charming Winnipeg matron whose lowers had been bothering for a week. She slipped the thing in her fur coat pocket and drove downtown to the D.D.S. Winnipeg—it's a truthful rumor—has snow. After nudging the curb-piled mess while parking, the lady locked up, put the car keys safely away in her coat pocket and mushed off to keep the dental appointment. Arrived there—teeth gone. Must have inadvertently dragged the plate out when putting car keys in her pocket. Sifting a lot of dirty snow through cold fingers beside the car paid no dividends: no teeth. The insurance company got the tab eventually—$300.

There was the suburban Toronto resident who didn't fare so well. In early spring—believe it or not—a mangy squirrel decided on a bit of second-storey activity at dawn. The weather was mild. This predator entered an open window, saw a glass full of teeth on the sill, seized the uppermost unit—a top plate—and, derisively overturning the tumbler, departed whence it came. Thus shockingly awakened, the proprietor glimpsed his masticating equipment in full flight across the lawn. Those teeth vanished permanently.

The insurance company had a come-back for that one though: simply this—"No claim." Insurance people may be philosophers but they remain a literal-minded crowd. The PPF does *not* cover losses occasioned by vermin—that's what a squirrel is.

A tip of the hat to insurance companies—and Heaven help them! By the skin of the teeth, people with Personal Property Floaters seem to have their oral hardware more or less insured without being churlishly required to disclose the existence of such equipment beforehand. #

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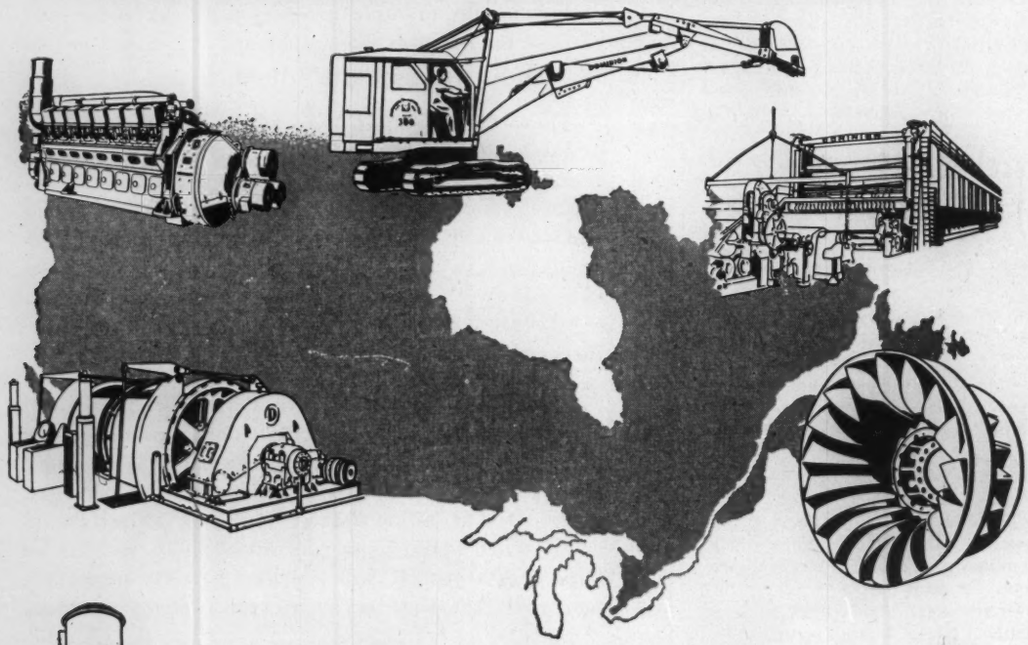

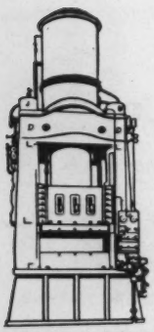

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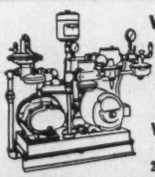

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Self-Service

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

vided he literally "brightens" up his store.

Mrs. Housewife definitely prefers to shop where she is at liberty to pick up and examine any article she wishes and choose the brand desired without being bothered by a clerk or irritated by having to await her turn. The perfect store then is geared to that requirement. Beyond it management attempts to reduce prices as much as possible. The greatest saving has been achieved not by a reduced staff but by virtue of the fact that the sales volume per man is greater than under service-type selling.

Loblaw Groceterias pioneered the idea of self-service in Canada in 1919. They attribute one reason for their continued growth and success to "Brands," their policy being to offer for sale only nationally known and widely advertised brands, thereby selling the customer only goods with which he is already familiar, and therefore having readymade customer acceptance.

Loblaws realized at an early date the importance of speed, and applied this factor successfully to their method of merchandising. By means of self-service the "elapsed shopping time" was drastically reduced, and, as a result, sales volume increased considerably without either enlarging the store or adding to the staff. This company recognized the influence of the automobile in the early twenties to the extent of coining the motto: "Make your motor car earn a salary." Thus the growth of the automobile industry has been the greatest single factor in the development of super markets. With it the public demanded sufficient parking space and this in turn established the present day trend of "One-stop-shopping."

In the U.S., shopping centres, lavishly laid out and freely embodying the principle of self-service, represent what the future holds for the retail industry. In Canada, because of its spread out population, this development is expected to be both slower and on a smaller scale. By 1955 the U.S. expects to have more than 5,000 retail outlets within planned regional shopping centres.

A glance at the dividend picture of the largest grocery supermarket chain readily demonstrates the considerable growth that has taken place in the postwar period. These chains are almost without exception operating on the self-service principle. In respect to profit margins, in fact, Canada is leading the U.S. on a comparable basis.

Loblaw Groceterias is the largest supermarket in this country on sales volume. Concentration on larger, more efficient stores enabled Loblaws to expand its operating margins in the May 21, 1952 fiscal year, whereas the majority of grocery chains had lower margins. Net income on the combined Class "A" and "B" shares was $3.84 as compared to $3.13 in 1950-51. Loblaw's directors have recently announced that both stocks are to be placed on a $1.50 basis in 1953. Net earnings of Dominion Stores equalled $1.43 a share, while dividends totalled 50c, thus continuing the upward trend of the past years. This healthy state of affairs will probably attract U.S. capital in preference to the less promising American grocery chain issues.

Results of the rush into self-service have been manifold. One has been that manufacturers are developing their own brands on an ever-increasing scale. The imagination and skill of the industrial designer and the commercial artist has been tried to the full. After all, identical merchandise is now sharing the same shelf so that the label on a can often determines the shopper's final choice.

The packaging industry as well has had to devise special machinery to handle stockings, for instance. A machine has been designed which will pack and seal without air 50 pairs of nylon hosiery a minute, individually wrapped in transparent pliofilm bags. Furthermore in order to combat the light-fingered gentry packages containing small but rather valuable articles must be of a minimum size.

Clear plastic wrappings have done much to make the spread of self-service possible, for fragile goods can now be handled without being soiled. Often the mere sight of a red steak in a clear wrapper is considered to have sufficient "impulse appeal."

Montreal recently saw the opening of a "Self-service Garage" where a man with a mechanical bent can rent space, tools and technical advice and thus effect his own repairs. In the U.S. self-serve gasoline stations are not uncommon, supervised by a pretty girl in shorts, who presumably takes the place of the attractive wrapper in the super market.

There is no doubt that self-service is here to stay with no saturation point in sight. It is, however, debatable whether it is correctly described as a "Rush." Rush or not, the self-service trade is pleased with the current state of affairs; as one store manager put it: "I am never so happy as when I see Mrs. Housewife arriving at the cash register and having to return some goods, because she had bought more than she could afford!" #

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NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of FEBRUARY 1953, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1952. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 12th December 1952.

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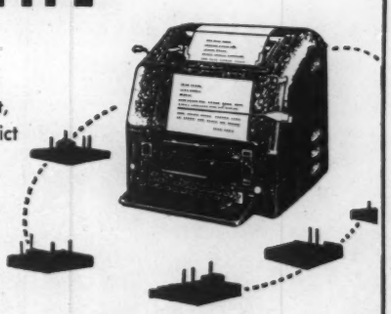

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Japan: Watchful and Waitful

by Patrick O'Donovan

Tokyo.

JAPAN is unique among the querulous nations of Asia that are still free of Communist control. She is not preoccupied with avoiding positive or compromising action. She does not make unending demands on the sympathy and understanding of Western Powers. She has not compensated for her weakness by pious disapproval of stronger Governments. She is full-grown in a continent of adolescent nations. She has arrived, is as proud as Britain, and as satisfied with her achievements as France.

There is no people in Asia more united and disciplined, nor one with an industry better organized or with a higher potential. There are few things, given the raw materials and the designs, that Japan could not make today. It is absurd to think of her as a cheap-jack country producing inferior cloth and a torrent of trinkets and toys which she is able to sell cheap because she starves and coerces her workers at home. Whatever one's opinion of her past behavior, she is still in fact a Power to be reckoned with; either her people must be reasonably satisfied or else—since no people starve quietly—she must assert herself as awkwardly as she can. By strategic chance, unforeseeable during the war, she is in a position to assert herself even without arms.

At the present moment this untidy line of islands dominates the Far East, and, for the defence plans of the United States at least, is as essential as the British Isles themselves. It will be many years before Japan is again a military Power of importance, but her friendliness or at least her tolerance of Western plans is today as important as a military alliance. Yet, inside this essential bastion, a nervous statesman could find whatever he feared most.

The Communists, for example, are the best organized and perhaps the only really coherent political group. They were defeated in the headcounting of the last election, but it would be unwise to infer any permanent significance from that. Any economic reverse reflected in the common living standard, any too obvious involvement of Japan in American military dangers without spectacular rewards in sight, would once again restore their strength. And Communism has a good deal more in common with the Japanese character and system than it ever had with the Chinese. Before the war, the Emperor-centred junior officers, poor and ferocious, always thought of it as a practical alternative that was quite consonant with their national mystique.

The old nationalists, who made the parliamentary system ridiculous and dragged Japan into war, still obtain wide and uncritical support. Neither complete defeat nor the spectacle of MacArthur at close quarters has changed their hearts. They live in a world of frightening and ignorant unreality, care for nothing except the greatness of Japan and are apparently indifferent to her prosperity.

Today, in their efforts to avoid any alliance in which Japan is not the dominator, their statements are virtually identical with the Communists. It is true that they are not organized, but they exist as a latent force which, like a reflex action in a hungry dog, would support any group that served their narrow view of Japan's interests.

It is also true that democracy here is not a sturdy growth, and that the majority would accept its disappearance as politely as they accepted its arrival in the train of the American armies. Whatever is said and done in the Diet, Japan is still run by back-room organizers. This *oya-bun* system is as natural and native to Japan as the trade-union system is to Britain. It extends from the politicians down to the smallest group of employees in an all-night bar. It seems that Japan still achieves results roughly similar to ours by means that often appear devious and even sinister. You must talk of Japan in terms of cold and practical amorality, otherwise you do not make sense.

These imperfections exist and there is nothing now to be done about them. They are the dangers that beset our relationship with Japan. They are not necessarily disastrous. They can be met—overcome or satisfied—by a reasonable policy towards her. #

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT AS OF JUNE 30th, 1952

ASSETS

Cash — In Banks and Office	$ 2,040,714.80
Bonds — Owned	104,756,237.66
Stocks — Owned	14,778,092.76
Real Estate — Owned	8,498,914.34
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	24,072,239.62
Policy Loans	6,519,848.74
Bills Receivable	22,666,56
Government Certificates	45,188.72
Interest Accrued	935,061.46
Premiums in Course of Collection	5,820,824.55
Total Assets	$167,489,789.21

LIABILITIES

Reserves for Claims — including Health and Accident		$ 2,803,463.62
Reserves for Taxes		599,220.32
Premiums paid in Advance		2,910,698.25
Agents Balances		153,761.59
Reserve for Securities Valuation		541,635.07
Other Liabilities		1,498,246.97
Reserves — Health and Accident		6,913,880.97
Reserves for All Policies		130,604,180.63
Reserves for Contingencies	$ 600,000.00	
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00	
Surplus — Unassigned	19,864,701.79	
Surplus to Policyowners		21,464,701.79
To Balance Assets		$167,489,789.21

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L. F. FLASKA, *Chief Agent for Canada*

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Ottawa Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

administers rebuke or censure, should continue at the head of that office in which my conduct has been censured, while such conduct might at any moment be called in question by the tribunal to which you are going to refer these matters. Accordingly, my resignation is in the hands of my right honorable friend, the Prime Minister."

Colonel Sir Matthew Wilson, who followed the retiring minister, regretted his resignation because after a careful study of the report he felt sure that most members would agree that Mr. Chamberlain "bears little or no blame". And the press of Britain gave unanimous praise to the conduct of Mr. Chamberlain, which materially raised his prestige in the eyes of the public. It is true that the name of Mr. Claxton is not mentioned in the Currie Report but it makes a pointed reference to the laxity of the topmost officials of his department and his responsibility for the maladministration which has been proved is much closer than that of Mr. Chamberlain.

IF MR. CLAXTON does not choose to follow the honorable path of Mr. Chamberlain, then Prime Minister St. Laurent will face a very severe test. His career since he entered public life in 1941 has been highly creditable; since 1948 he has led Parliament with distinction and with a fairness which has earned the good-will of his opponents, and, as a human being, he is both liked and admired by the public. He has given wise and liberal guidance to our international policies and the claim can also be made that his domestic policies have made a considerable contribution to the unprecedented prosperity which the country has enjoyed in recent years.

But statesmen do not gain enduring fame in the eyes of history merely because they were architects of prosperity. It is the magnificent orators, the successful reformers and the great administrators among them, who are remembered by posterity. Mr. St. Laurent came into politics too late in life to acquire any oratorical artistry and his speeches, which give the impression that he is a very able lawyer doing his best with a brief for the Liberal party, will not make him stand with Burke, Gladstone and Laurier in the hall of fame.

He has been credited with an ambition to leave his mark upon the destinies of Canada by reforming both our Constitution and our Senate and by inaugurating a national system of health insurance. But most of his plans for constitutional reform are now bogged down in a controversy with certain provinces. The apathy of most his followers about the reform of the Senate has discouraged him from any moves towards this goal and the project of national health insurance has been shelved.

So time is running on for him and his changes of matching the fame of Lloyd George, Franklin Roosevelt or Borden as a successful reformer are now slim.

He still could, however, achieve permanent glory as an administrator, who never faltered in his zeal for the honest and efficient administration of his country's affairs. But, if he condones the delinquencies of Mr. Claxton, the indifference thus revealed to efficiency and rectitude in administration will be a sad blot upon his record. And, since the public memory is short, all the credit that the Liberal party has gained from its management of Canada's war effort and the increase of her prosperity may go down the drain. #

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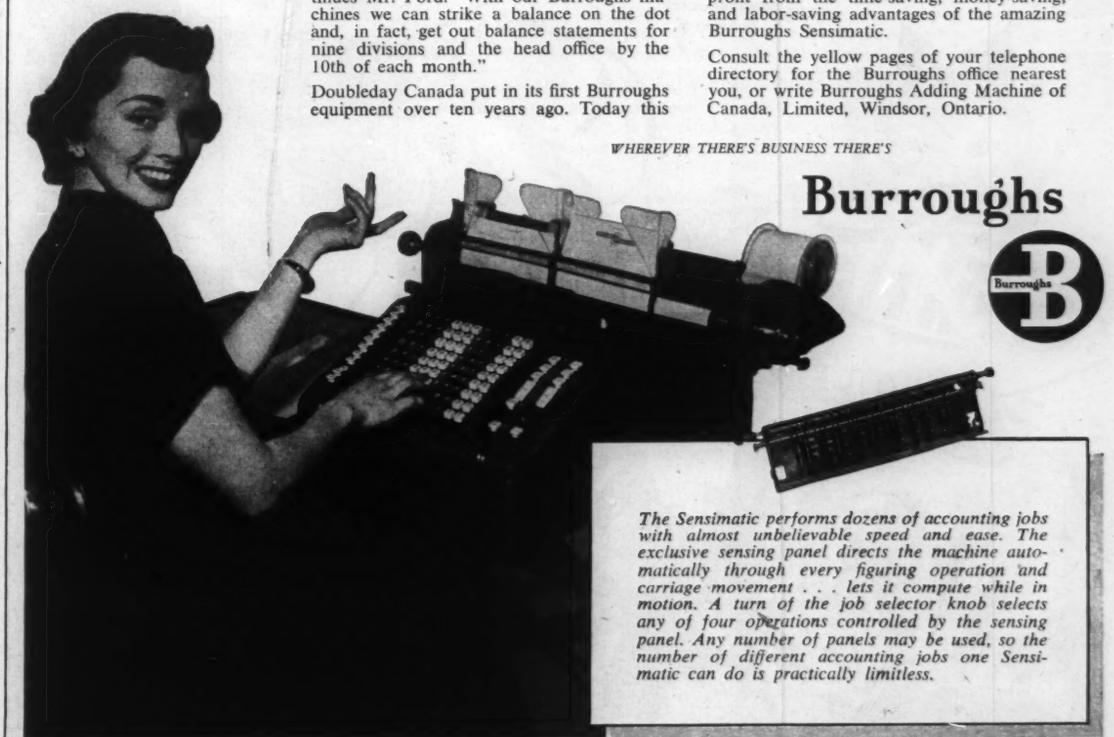

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FILMS

Things to Come

by Mary Lowrey Ross

RUMORS of forthcoming productions in 1953 are already beginning to arrive. Most of the information supplied restricts itself to titles and supporting casts, without supporting adjectives. Even so, some of the promises for the coming season are on an impressive scale.

Joseph Mankiewicz, for instance, will produce Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar", at a cost of $2 million, with a cast including Louis Calhern as *Caesar*, Marlon Brando as *Mark Anthony* and James Mason as *Brutus*.

Shakespeare is always a hazard at the box-office, and "Julius Caesar" whose climax arises, against every screen convention, half-way through the action, is a heavier risk than most. As a further handicap, the feminine interest is practically negligible. Deborah Kerr as *Portia* and Greer Garson as *Calpurnia* will have little more than a scene apiece, which is lamentably little scope for two such gorgeous creatures.

"Julius Caesar" in fact is a screen venture from which the average Hollywood producer would draw away in horror. Joseph Mankiewicz however is no average producer. He is a man of venturesome and resourceful talent and it will be interesting to see what he does with a classic which he describes as "a good ripsnorting piece of blood and thunder coupled with eternally new and true-for-today character-studies." Anyway, here's wishing him luck.

The best-seller, "From Here to Eternity" will be produced this year, probably with Montgomery Clift as the disgruntled soldier. There will also be "The Eddie Cantor Story", though not with Eddie Cantor. Kathryn Grayson, who resembles Grace Moore only in the possession of a mechanically perfect upper register, will star in "The Grace Moore Story". Broadway will contribute "Member of the Wedding" starring Ethel Waters, and "Come Back Little Sheba", with Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth.

The Columbia studios promise "Salome", with Rita Hayworth and Stewart Granger. Miss Hayworth will doubtless play the title role. Whether Stewart Granger will enact the head on the charger remains to be disclosed. There is no advance descriptive material on "The Girl Who Had Everything" with Elizabeth Taylor; "The Bad and the Beautiful" with Lana Turner; or on "Beautiful When Wet" with Esther Williams. Any seasoned movie-goer however should be able to figure out the general content of these items in advance, without help from the publicity department. Swimmer Williams will also appear in Producer Joe Pasternack's "Easy to Love". To bring us back to date, she is currently on view in "The Million Dollar Mermaid".

"WET you're terrific. Dry you're just a nice girl" Victor Mature remarks to Miss Williams in the course of her current film. This seems to cover the Williams performance

nicely, in this or any other picture. The Million Dollar Mermaid here is Annette Kellerman, and the one biographical fact that stands out blindingly is that Miss Kellerman introduced to the world the one-piece bathing-suit for women.

The production is rounded out, however, with a number of Busby Berkeley water ballets, and fountains that lift the star sky-high and then collapse while choruses of male and female swimmers descend from chutes or dive from swings. Star Williams is, as usual, terrific when displayed in the various tanks; but the periods when she remained dry, and nice, seemed a little protracted. She can look gently grieved or childishly pleased, with a smile pinned from here to here, and she can swim, so why insist that she should act?

I should like to see "The Story of Esther Williams", played, for a startling novelty, by Esther Williams herself, and directed by someone who kept her wet every minute. It would be a pleasure to watch.

"MEET ME TONIGHT" presents three sketches from the Noel Coward Revue "To-night At Eight-Thirty", "Red Peppers", "Fumed Oak", and "Ways and Means".

A decade ago this was one of the brighter revues but it has grown thin and tacky with the passing seasons. Certainly it is sadly inferior to the packaged-entertainment introduced to the screen in Somerset Maugham's "Quartet" and "Trio". Mr. Maugham is a fine hand at narrative. Mr. Coward is a tricky contriver of numbers. But the Maugham stories stand up well over the years, while Noel's numbers now present a sort of dim archaic glow in place of the old Coward sparkle.

IN "RED PEPPERS" we have Kay Walsh and Ted Ray in a prolonged cockney squabble interspersed with some not very enlivening music-hall singing and dancing. The Walsh and Ray team did their vigorous best but didn't succeed in revivifying their material. Thanks to Stanley Holloway's owlish performance as the badgered husband and son-in-law, "Fumed Oak" was sporadically funny, but it went on and on and the awful idiom of the British lower middle classes ended by working rather like a drill on a jumpy nerve.

"Ways and Means", starring Valerie Hobson, Nigel Patrick and Jack Warner, was probably the best of the three. It is an ingenious little one-act play, and Valerie Hobson is a charming comedienne, even when called on to handle lines that have been mishandled by amateur theatrical groups for over a decade. #

Snow Fighters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the tracks, in some places of drifts 15 feet high; with pick and shovel free thousands of terminal switches of paralyzing ice.

Thanks to modern science, the snow-fighters have powerful allies in ploughs, snow-melters and gas jets. The 100-ton steam snow-melter picks up and liquefies the equivalent of 32 flat cars of snow in a 10,000-gallon tank. During freezing rains, steady flames from propane gas burners are played on switches.

But in spite of this impressive array of mechanical aid, the railway still depends upon the men who operate in very trying weather conditions—at times almost blinded by driving snow and flying smoke and near-frozen by temperatures which often drop to 40°, and lower, below zero. The brakeman, who signals the "go ahead", has one of the coldest railroading jobs in keeping traffic on the move.

The snow-fighters are constantly on the alert. They watch for "hot boxes", smoking bearings caused by frozen lubricants; keep a sharp look-out for leaky hose connections which cause steam wastage; warn plough operators as switching points are approached.

To add to their worries, extra trains must be run, for a blizzard exerts the economic law of diminishing returns. As temperatures drop, the tonnage of freight hauled must be reduced in proportion; at 50° below the load must be cut by 50 per cent; in other words, another train must be made up. Additional staffs are summoned. At Montreal's Windsor Station, for example, an average of 140 men are called in for each eight-hour shift to operate snow ploughs, extra freight and passenger trains.

"Keep 'em rolling" might be the railwayman's motto. Despite almost overwhelming odds, he usually manages to do so. #

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BOOKS

The Photographer's Eye

by Robertson Davies

IT IS COMMONLY said that travel broadens the mind, in spite of the contrary evidence which is to be met with on every side. We take ourselves with us wherever we may go—and not only ourselves, but the inherited prejudices of our parents and grandparents, of our race, of our community; our luggage is heavy with prejudgements and inherited attitudes. And when we return, do we tell the truth about what we felt when we were abroad? Too many of us tell what we think our friends want to hear.

It is for these reasons that so many travel books are boring and inconsiderable; the writers did not take adequate intellectual provisions with them on their journeys and they came back empty-headed. But the rare traveller who makes his journey with a mind well-stocked, yet open to what is new, can write a book which will hold our attention and admiration for more than one reading. Such a traveller is Fosco Maraini, whose "Secret Tibet" is a work of fine quality.

This quality is that of photography on the highest level. That is not said in disparagement of Mr. Maraini's writing, but in its praise. "How well you write! How you succeed in conveying every kind of information and sensation and evocation", says Bernard Berenson in an introductory letter to the book. But this astonishing feat is accomplished not by explanation, but by description, in which there is little comment and no moral judgement. Fosco Maraini is not desirous of telling us what he thinks about Tibet, but seeks only to tell us what Tibet and its people are like.

When the delightful and beautiful Princess Pema Choki Namgyal talks to him of the wind-men, the monks who free themselves from the law of gravity by asceticism and are able to travel through the air at hundreds of miles an hour, he is content to write down what she says, without a hint of his own opinion. He describes much of the celebrated psychic power of the Tibetan lamas in this manner. He appears to have seen no evidence of supernormal power with his own eyes, but he says nothing to discredit what others tell him. Again, he writes like a superb photographer.

Of course, he *is* a superb photographer as well as an admirable writer. This book is illustrated with sixty of the finest photographs that I have ever seen; they are the work of the writer, and the unity of picture and prose, and the similarly penetrating yet simple quality of both, give the book strength and beauty. We know that Tibet stinks not only because we are told so, but because, in the pictures of schoolchildren and craftsmen, we can see that it must be so. And we learn of the beauty and terror of Tibet as much from the superb picture of the Sikkim princess and the murals of rampant gods as we do from the text.

IN ALL PROSE and in all photography worthy of consideration there is, of course, a strongly personal point of view however deceptively limpid and impersonal the work may appear. When, as in "Secret Tibet", the point of view and the artistry of both prose and photography are equally powerful we have not only a fine book but a striking impression of the man who made the book.

MARAINI'S PHOTOGRAPHY leads us to a consideration of "U.S. Camera 1953", the familiar annual edited by Tom Maloney. Every man who has really learned to use a camera expresses a great deal of his own spirit in his work—a thought to depress us as we wander through many a photographic show. The eye and the mind behind the camera are more important than any technical improvement in the instrument; a look through any such book as the catalogue of the "Masterpieces of Victorian Photography" show held in London in 1951, or the *Petit Musée de la Curiositée Photographique*, in which Louis Cheronnet has gathered examples of nineteenth - century French photography, proves it. Here, as much as in "U.S. Camera 1953," men of sympathy and penetrating perception have been able to capture the spirit of their time so brilliantly that, looking at their work, we experience a strong, direct feeling of a bygone age.

This latest protographic review opens with a selection from the work of four great French photographers, Doisneau, Brassai, Ronis and Izis. Doisneau is successful in the difficult fields of photographic humour. It is hard to be funny with a camera, and the contrived pictures of babies, made funny by jocose captions, which Constance Bannister and others have recently made popular, only served to prove it. But Doisneau's photographic fun is warm, sympathetic and gentle; his pictures of lovers, of bridal couples, of street scenes are as tender as they are amusing.

As fine a picture as any in the book is Ronis' *Nude in Provence*. Nudes are favourite photographic subjects, but in too many cases they convey a sense of strain. The model and photographer are shrilly declaring that they have created a work of art, and not merely a picture of a naked girl; the photographer does tricks with his lights, and the model assumes the expression of one listening to a lecture on economics. Ronis has avoided all this nonsense, and in another photographic realm Milton Green has been equally frank and equally successful in his colour picture of Arlene Dahl. The beauty of a girl is justification enough for a picture, without pseudo-artistic contortions.

The annual includes Alfred Eisenstaedt's fine gallery of British worthies, and Morris Gordon's brilliant series of pictures of workers in Western Electric. The selection of the pictures is, as always in this annual, distinguished and controversial, and although the printing has not always been wholly successful (the treatment of Ruth Orkin's interesting *Florentine Street Scene* is a case in point) the book is a fine one and of interest to thousands of people who know nothing of cameras.

SECRET TIBET—by Fosco Maraini, pp. 236, indexed and with 60 fine photographs — *Ryerson Press*—$6.00.

U.S. CAMERA 1953—edited by Tom Maloney, pp. 384—*McClelland & Stewart*—$9.00.

Books In Review

by T. J. A.

CHANGING CONCEPTS OF TIME—by Harold A. Innis—*University of Toronto Press* pp. 133—$3.00.

PROFESSOR HAROLD INNIS, political economist in the University of Toronto, sent these five essays to the press shortly before his death. They are the distillations of massive information and a scholarly mind unencased by an ivory tower; of genuine importance to thought and political and social culture in Canada.

Their subjects show the wide range of Professor Innis' incisive inquiries: The Strategy of Culture; Military Implications of the American Constitution; Roman Law and the British Empire; The Press, A Neglected Factor in the Economic History of the Twentieth Century; Great Britain, the United States and Canada. The essays are not intended to set out a philosophy; they are rather, tangential. Professor Innis is not the full and unassailable gospel on these subjects, but his preaching is provocative and his facts and quotations are apt.

THE DARK SAVIOUR — by Robert Harling — *Clarke, Irwin* pp. 320—$2.75.

IN HIS FIRST novel "The Paper Palace" Robert Harling, an English writer, fashioned a good, thrilling story out of Fleet Street. This novel is also set in a newspaperman's world,

seconded topically to a Caribbean island where revolt is brewing and a reporter is sent to find out why the correspondent on the spot is not filing the news. The "dark saviour" is a young negro preaching a mystical revolution.

The dialogue is swift, smart and good; the characterization graphic but two-dimensional, and the story is skilful and climactic. There is a certain intellectual depth.

MY DEAR TIMOTHY—by Victor Gollancz—*Longmans, Green pp. 434—$2.50.*

THE SUBTITLE of the partial autobiography of the liberal London publisher Victor Gollancz is *An Autobiographical Letter to his Grandson*. As this grandfatherly title suggests, it is a discursive memoir, but wonderfully so; rich in the background of "quiet joy" of his boyhood and recollections of a questing mind at Oxford just before the Great War ("the cultured lived off the backs of the uncultured") and at Repton as a schoolmaster for a few months—"which were crucial for my life, since they made it inevitable . . . I should become a publisher".

There are several central chapters about Judaism (his family was Jewish) written, like the rest of the book, out of gentle wisdom, wide culture and frank reflection. A sentence of an early chapter indicates the nature of the adult and his role as publisher (to be discussed in a sequel): "I lived, since the age of six in the one case and eleven or twelve in the other, with a horror, the sort of horror that goes about with a man and never leaves him, of two abominations—which I constantly visualized as happening here and now and happening to me: poverty and war".

The name and quality of the autobiographer, as well as the low price, make this an attractive book to buy.

CHRONICLES OF BARABBAS—by George H. Doran—*Clarke, Irwin pp. 446—$4.50.*

HERE IS ANOTHER autobiography by a noted publisher, but it is very different from Gollancz' reflections on his early life. Mr. Doran writes primarily of his years "in the trade" and of the trade—the business methods, the famous persons met, and the authors whom he published. Like the English publisher's autobiography it has the wisdom of his years, but it is wisdom got from experience rather than from study of the experience. It is a fascinating account, particularly for the thumbnail sketches of personages within Mr. Doran's orbit: Maugham, Lewis, Mencken, Morley, Beaverbrook, Margot Asquith, and a dozen others in the Doran gallery.

Of Max Beerbohm: "Urbane, ingratiating, studiedly naive, he would appear to be remote from things practical; but give him six, twelve or twenty-four hours to consider a proposed exchange of talent for cash, and there emerges one of the most acute economic minds, a perfect confusion to the designs of even a modern and regenerate Barabbas".

The book should especially interest Canadians. The American publisher was born (of Northern Ireland stock) in Toronto in 1869, to which he has now retired.

THE MAGIC LANTERN—by Robert Carson—*Clarke, Irwin pp. 504—$4.75.*

HERE IS A HOME-MADE tapestry of Hollywood; a long detailed picture made fascinating by the subject, the color and story-telling technique of a craftsman, and the fact that it is a view of the motion picture industry from within. The novelist Robert Carson is a resident of Los Angeles and for many years has been a successful script writer.

"The Magic Lantern" is the story of two men, father and son, told by the son. Franklin P. Silversmith was a handsome, mediocre actor who got into movies in their earliest days. His son Ellis, sensitive, intelligent, followed in his father's wake though fascinated and repelled by him, and became a boy wonder and a highly successful producer. It is a fictional history of the movies, its texture is the finance, frenzy, cynicism and corn of the "super-colossal, all-star epic"—Hollywood.

THE COMMANDER COMES TO DINE — by Mario Soldati — *Longmans, Green — Translated from the Italian pp. 223—$2.50.*

IF ITALY has a Somerset Maugham, it is Mario Soldati—younger than Maugham (Soldati was born in 1906) but old enough not to have been transfigured by the war into a postwar novelist or film producer of the present fashionable Italian school of *risorgimento* out of guilty decadence. No slums, no anguish. Soldati is, by the way, both a noted film producer and novelist.

Two of the three long short stories in this volume have a wartime Italian setting and there is an Italian feeling of delicate fatalism in them: the famous opera conductor who could not get beyond the kettledrum's entry in *Otello* (the first story: "The Green Jacket"); the onetime director of La Scala, a shrewd, suave man who suddenly was converted to fostering orphans in an elegant villa ("The Father of the Orphans"); and the Italian quasi-artist who disappeared out of a boudoir window in a flat in London, never to be seen again by his loving "Twinkle", an English concert artist. This is the third story, called "The Window", which has been specially praised in England.

The stories are woven from slight incidents and strongly developed through mental rather than physical characterization of the principals and their environment. In this hanging of a strong story to a small thread, and in the skill and polish of the storyteller, Soldati resembles Maugham. The comparison is made obvious through the narrative technique. The 'I' in the three stories is an aging, passé impresario of opera (the *Commendatore*) telling his experience of certain people in his life, with emotional detachment, as Maugham's 'I' does. The stories, subtle, impressionistic, compel interest. The first one is set near the Canadian front in Italy in 1943-44. The author refers to Americans rather than Canadians, perhaps not realizing he can have a good Canadian audience for the tale. #

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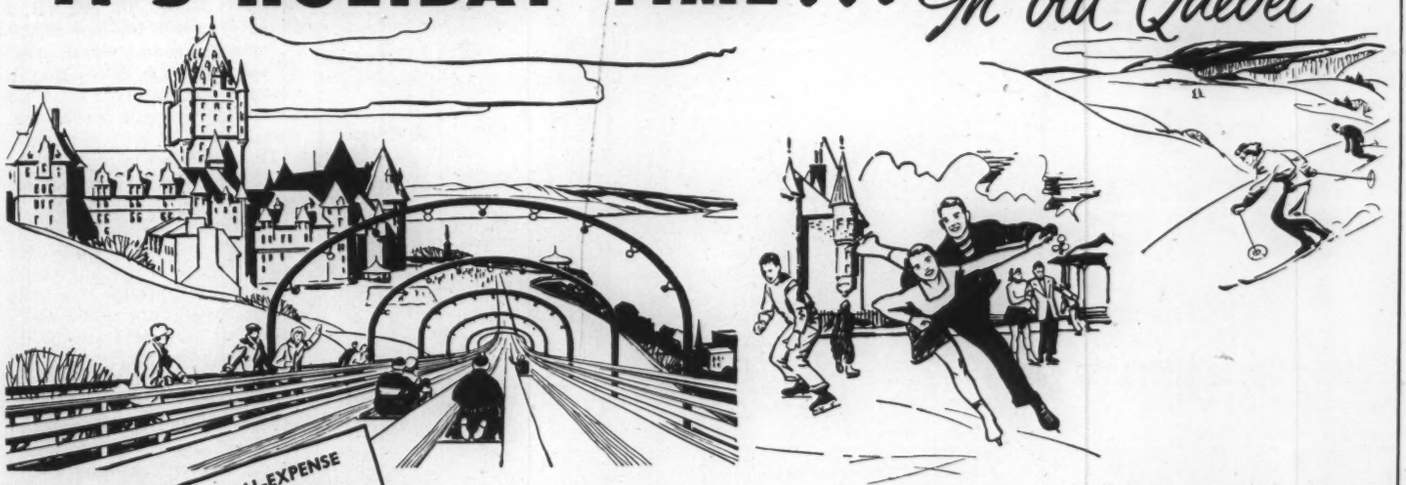

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RADIO

Meet Me at St. Christophe

by Margaret Ness

GRAUSTARK, Lichtenburg, Mariposa and St. Christophe have one thing in common. They don't exist. But they're very real to a lot of people. Beverley lived in Graustark for the generation-ago romantic reader; musical-comedy lovers know Lichtenburg as the destination of the party-giving U.S. ambassadress in "Call Me Madam"; the *Mariposa Belle* sailed from Stephen Leacock's delightful town of Mariposa and St. Christophe is a village in the Quebec Laurentians that radio listeners regularly visit for "Fiddle Joe's Yarns".

Originally the Fiddle Joe stories started off in May, 1951 (out of Montreal) as a trans-Canada program to acquaint English-speaking Canadians with the folklore of French Canada. They proved so popular that author Charles Wassermann ran out of legends and the series continued as "a satire on local institutions" with the occasional folk legend and song.

Wassermann summers in a small Laurentian village. It provides the flavor and idiom, but it isn't St. Christophe. That village was blueprinted out of the author's own head, complete with reference to where everyone lives from Mayor Hormidas Grenier down. The Mayor is Wassermann's favorite character, a somewhat shady individual who has remained mayor for 33 years.

Grenier is a blusterer. In an early sequence, Wassermann wanted a mousy character for contrast and created the postmaster. The actor who took the part, bilingual Norman Tavis, was so good that Wassermann could not bring himself to cut him out. So he became a major participant. Actually Tavis isn't anything like his radio personality. He's dark, with a dark moustache and a deep voice that he pitches high and reedy for the postmaster.

Mayor Grenier is played by Georges Toupin and Fiddle Joe who introduces each weekly instalment is a French actor of 73 years, J. R. Tremblay. He used to be in stock company in Montreal some 40 years ago and has toured Quebec Province for years.

WASSERMANN has a card index of all his characters, important or casual. All details about them are kept there. And everything is done to make them and the surroundings seem real. For example, St. Christophe's tavern-keeper has an actual license number, No. 45. It was bestowed on him by Wassermann and not the Quebec Government but reference to it makes the tavern seem a definite place.

Wassermann sets his St. Christophe scene in the early years of the century. This Fall the village was introduced to its first automobile and Mayor Grenier had to deal with "une situation affluent of political impotence." This was the new road being built from a nearby village. The only difficulty about a 1906 setting is the sound effects. Most of these have to be created by brain waves and perseverance.

The cast is very critical of the show. Mostly French Canadians, they are anxious that it interpret their way of life correctly. They've also become so interested in the St. Christophe villagers that they even incorporated some of the language into their own speech. Around the studio you'll hear "Bon ben" for the usual "O.K." It's an archaic French phrase very much in use in St. Christophe.

Wassermann was born in Vienna to novel-writing parents. His mother was a psychoanalyst by profession but wrote some seven novels. In 1951 Wassermann's radio adaptation of his father's novel, "The World's Illusion", won an Ohio award. Grandfather Carl Karlweis was a playwright and Uncle Oscar Karlweis is a well-known actor, currently rehearsing for a new Broadway show, "Say It With Flowers". Little wonder Wassermann turned from his law studies at McGill University in Montreal for a life of writing.

As a boy he lived in the Alps where he absorbed the folk legends and songs. In Canada he found that many of them were very similar to the French Canadian ones. It started him on his Fiddle Joe idea. #

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—New York Dress Institute

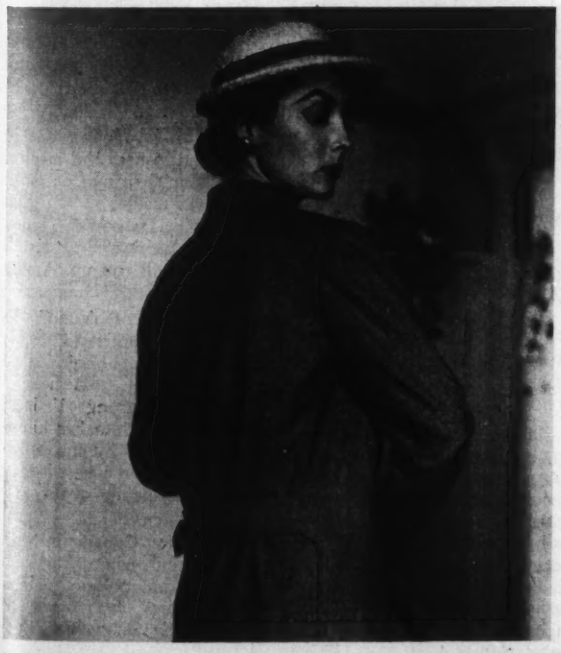
BIG COLLARS, big news in New York collections for Spring.

WORLD OF WOMEN

SOFT FOCUS

THERE isn't a waist-cincher to be found in any of the collections shown by New York designers. As for those layers of cancan petticoats—all are gone, unwept, forgotten. The stiff crackling fabrics of past seasons have melted into whipped cream softness. Major fashion change is the reversal in the silhouette; the little top, big skirt shape changes to the rounded bodice, straight and narrow skirt. There will be no lack of wide-skirted dresses this Spring, but the fullness won't be as exuberant as before . . . and the fashion conscious woman will prefer the newer look of the slim-line skirt with its strategically placed fullness. #

SLEEVE PUFF for evening dresses has soft feminine charm, flattering to line of upper arm. Designers believe Coronation and Inauguration will inspire more dressing up everywhere.



FULL BACK, much in evidence, shown cinched with half-belt.

WALKABILITY built-in in the slim skirt.

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HAMILTON, ONT. EST. 1894

SANDWICHES have added appeal when made with sliced sirloin tip beef roast.

CONCERNING FOOD

RARE OR MEDIUM?

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

IT'S NICE TO KNOW that our prehistoric ancestors were omnivorous as distinct from herbivorous and carnivorous. According to anthropologists there was little cannibalism among ancient man although he could eat game meat raw without disastrous results. Discovery of fire and cooking helped make food more palatable and encouraged hunting. Alas the poor dinosaur!

Most of us like meat and accept its presence on the dinner table enthusiastically. It's during periods of enforced meat rationing that we realize how dull life is without it. Since meat is a high cost item you want full value from your purchases. A good butcher is indispensable or, if you prefer to be independent, meat charts and a good cook book will help you to avoid waste and tears. We've mentioned Martha Logan's Meat Cook Book before in review and we still say that for 35 cents invested you'll reap large dividends in meat information and recipes.

The cut of meat featured in the U.S. as "Canadian Bacon" is just plain back bacon to us and a fine piece of meat for roasting. We find it a good plan to buy more than needed for baking and slice off pieces for broiling or to use in a casserole dish of scalloped potatoes and cheese.

Glazed Back Bacon

Score fat side of 2 lb. piece back bacon (peameal or plain) and stud with whole cloves. Spread with ½ cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tbsp. prepared mustard. Arrange in shallow baking pan with 1 cup apple juice or white wine in bottom. Bake in 350°F oven allowing 35 minutes per lb.—about 1 hour, 10 minutes. Baste occasionally with sauce in pan. Serve hot or cold. If sauce is not scorched skim off fat and pour over bacon on serving platter. Serves 6-8.

Barbecued Back Bacon

Pour Barbecue Sauce over bacon as with sauce for Glazed Back Bacon and baste frequently while cooking.

Barbecue Sauce

- 3 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup minced onion
- 1 cup catchup
- 1/3 cup lemon juice or vinegar
- 2 tbsp. brown sugar
- ½ cup water
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt if needed

Cook onion until tender in butter in saucepan. Add remaining ingredients and simmer, covered for 15 minutes. Makes 2 cups. This is a good sauce for any barbecued dish.

Tenderloin and Mushrooms

Slice 1½ lbs. pork tenderloin in 1 inch pieces. Coat with seasoned flour and brown in 2 tbsp. cooking fat. Add—

- ¼ cup finely minced onion
- ¼ cup finely diced celery
- 1½ cups stock
- ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate

Cover and let simmer for 30 minutes. Mix 1 tbsp. cornstarch smooth with a little water and stir into meat and juices and cook until thickened. Add drained mushrooms from 1-10½ oz. tin mushrooms and, if desired, ½ cup cooked peas (canned or frozen). Taste and reseason. Let tenderloin and mushrooms heat thoroughly. Serve on hot platter and garnish with watercress. Serves 4.

Stock: use mushroom liquor, chicken broth or canned consomme. Or combination of these with water.

Roast Sirloin Tip of Beef

This cut of beef is wonderful to eat and, since it's boneless with not much fat, the loss through shrinkage is low. It isn't too well known as a cut for roasting since it's usually cut into steaks. But you can probably persuade your butcher to part with a piece for roasting.

To roast place on rack in shallow pan and roast at 325°F allowing—

- 15-20 minutes per pound for rare
- 20-25 minutes per pound for medium
- 25-30 minutes per pound for well done

Use meat thermometer if you have one and allow 15 minutes "rest period" for the roast before carving. Allows the roast to reabsorb juices and generally settle down. #

■ Frozen concentrated orange juice has become a very popular member of the juice family. According to statistics (U.S.A.) there has been a 400 per cent increase in home consumption of frozen orange juice in the past four years. Ease of preparation, excellent flavor, more consistent source of Vitamin C, have all contributed to its popularity. Too, waistline watchers know that a big glass of orange juice taken half an hour before meals, acts as an appetite control, while still contributing dietary essentials.

BOOKS FOR COOKS

"THE BOOK of Good Neighbors Recipes" (Burns & MacEachern) is a cook book with a self-descriptive title. Co-authored by Maxine Erickson and Joan Rock this book combines traditional recipes with today's short cuts and techniques in a practical manner. Mrs. Erickson is the homemaker and Miss Rock the home economist and together they have collected favorite recipes—the kind traded across back fences—and have written them down clearly and wittily.

The index is an exceptional one in that it is designed to help and inspire. For example, you have two or more isolated egg yolks on hand. You then look up Egg Yolks Only in the index and decide from the list of suggested recipes what you will rua up. Amusing and practical.

"Making The Most of Your Cooking Time" (Clarke, Irwin $4.25) is a readable, instructive book on a subject near to most homemaker's hearts. Marie Armstrong Essipoff takes the reader right into her kitchen to give friendly and humorous instructions on how to be a take-it-easy cook without sacrificing quality or imagination.

Unfortunately for Canadians Mrs. Essipoff uses brand names for recipe ingredients and cooking materials (food wrappings, etc.) some of which are not available on our market. #

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN ONT

PERSONALITY

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

by Bernice Coffey

IN A RED BRICK building on a side street off one of Toronto's neighborhood shopping districts, there's a large square studio. Outside the street is drab and gray, but here the rich, deep colors of many oil paintings on the walls—with many other canvasses stacked in the corners of the room—create another, more pleasant climate. It is here that diminutive (5 feet tall in high heels) Bernice Fenwick Martin, one of Canada's talented painters, usually is to be found hard at work when she is not out in the field.

Mrs. Martin has held "one man" exhibitions at Eaton's College Street Fine Art Galleries, at Casa Loma, at the Hamilton Art Gallery and at the Towne Cinema in Toronto where the discerning theatre manager, Yvonne Taylor, has done so much to bring the work of Canadian artists before the public.

Anyone who believes that the lot of a woman painter is of the genteel and sheltered order is due for a surprise—if they have the stamina to follow pint-size and rather shy Bernice when she goes forth to paint in one of the more inaccessible parts of the country. Still life and portraits are all done at least within reach of the studio radiator. But landscapes and seascapes are something else again; nor is it work for faint-hearted or comfort-loving individuals, especially when temperatures zigzag above and below the zero point. Remote backwoods districts, hard-to-reach lakes, the land of woods, rock, and streams not often touched by the ordinary tourist are all well-known to Bernice. The backwoods roads and trails of Ontario and Quebec are familiar highways to Bernice, her businessman husband Langton and their faithful and much-tried car.

TO OBTAIN the winter landscapes she delights in Bernice braves all kinds of weather. Sometimes the paint flies out of her brush in the strong wind. Color sketches are meticulously and quickly made in order to serve as guides when the actual painting is done at her studio.

Life is never uneventful on these sketching trips. In spite of herself Bernice has become a fairly good shot, although she is far from being the huntin' and shootin' type. Once while on a trip around Whitney and Barry's Bay in the Algonquin Park district she was loaned an old rifle "in case she saw anything". The donor was much surprised when she not only returned to camp with her completed sketch but a fine partridge, too.

Another time while in the north woods her husband had to return to the city and her only company was a woman friend. She awoke at night to the sound of a porcupine chewing lustily on the portable boat, their only means of reaching the mainland. As much to her own surprise as that of her alarmed guest, Bernice picked up her shotgun, went out into the darkness and put an end to the porcupine and his activities.

She has been annoyed but not frightened by inquisitive livestock of every variety—from cows to a pig that tried to eat her paints and she has met many interesting people, such as the couple who lived in a pretty little house in the woods—he a Scot and she a gently bred Chinese lady. Chinese scrolls on the walls, Chinese furniture and Chinese food cooked on a brazier in the middle of the room, were exotic notes in the raw and rugged northern wilderness.

Although as far as she knows none of her family have been especially interested in art, Bernice revealed her bent as early as eight years of age when her dolls remained clean and new but her little sketch book and colors were in constant use. Later Bernice gravitated as naturally as a child to a lollipop first to art classes at Toronto Technical Schools, then to the Ontario College of Art where her mentors were the late J. W. Beatty and the late Frank Carmichael.

Her range of subjects is exceptionally wide and her style vigorous. She says she likes doing landscapes, "particularly those with lots of action—figures doing things, smoke, steam and moving clouds. And I enjoy painting water falls, mills, circus and stream scenes, village life." She also is keen about boat studies which, by the way, pass the test of authenticity by sailors and sundry seafarers. Her still life paintings range through such diverse subjects as interiors, vegetables, fruit, objects, flowers, Chinese arrangements. Portrait and figure painting usually takes the form of quick sketches of one sitting.

Home, which is the comfortable apartment shared by her and her husband, is a place apart because housekeeping, phone calls and door-to-door salesmen do not encourage concentration—and besides, where in the modern apartment is room to be found for a hundred or so canvasses and all the other litter of the painter at work? Bernice Martin's days are governed by light instead of time.

Paintings that bear Bernice's forthright signature are set in frames of outstanding beauty and appropriateness. These are handmade and carved by Langton Martin and finished by Bernice, who feels that frames contribute greatly to the mood and feeling of the picture.

Bernice Fenwick Martin is one of the fine artists who, with brush and paint, make it possible for Canadians to see on their walls original works of art on which they can look with pleasure and pride—because they are excellent and because they express the feeling of a Canadian artist for her native land. #

You can look like a pet without feeling pinched!

Fashion says it's the *slim* silhouette. So Warner's dreamed up this long-line "A'Lure" bra to smooth your midriff with gentle persuasion. Satin elastic sides for a nice hug, and nylon marquisette cups to "round out" the picture. White or black at better stores.

Perplexed?

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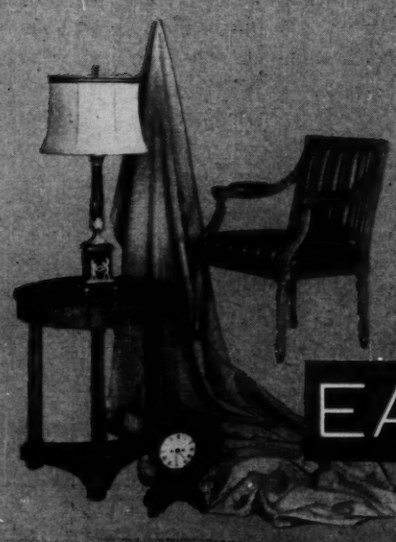

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AFTERNOON TEA

YOU might as well be dead
as be unwed.

So say the smug smiles of suburbia
as they regard you from their
pinnacles of achievement,
secure in the domestic diapason of
diapers
and Fred's much discussed pecu-
liarities or perfections.
For what have you to offer—
You who possess no house, no hus-
band, no child,
even no maid whose shortcomings
you might bewail?

You have only your own thoughts
and ideas to share,
and can give them no irrefutable
authority prefaced by
"Henry says" or "George thinks."
Does he? That's nice.
More than can be said for his wife,
obviously.
But then, why should she think?
As a lesser satellite it's not
appropriate.
She might cease mirroring George,
enlarged,
and be herself—and that would
never do.
Then she might become a Discon-
tented Wife—a Problem—
and there are Problems enough
with you.
After all, the social order is built
for couples.
You need partners at bridge, at
dinners, at dances.
In fact you might as well be dead
as be unwed.
At least you would no longer be
a Problem to your friends.

—CLARA BERNHARDT

■ In telling about our actresses abroad a few weeks ago, we mentioned that Broadway star Janet Riley attended a private school in Simcoe, Ont., "conducted by the late novelist Frederick Philip Grove." Actually the Grove School was—and still is—conducted by Mrs. Grove. Mr. Grove taught English there. At present the Grove School is for backward children.

■ And now there's a Women's Law Association which is to be province-wide in membership for Quebeckers. About 40 women lawyers and law students attended the meeting in Montreal at which the Association was formed. First President is Rosa B. Gualtieri, a practising Montreal lawyer.

■ Now a member of an august 400 body is Kathleen Coburn of Toronto. This means she has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. Recognition comes from her work on hitherto unknown manuscripts by Coleridge. Victoria College, University of Toronto, scored twice in the honor: Miss Coburn is a Victoria graduate and is now on the staff as Associate Professor of English. During graduate studies, she held an Ontario IODE scholarship and a senior fellowship from the International Federation of University Women.

LIGHTER SIDE

"I Can Explain Everything"

by **Mary Lowrey Ross**

NOW that the McCarran Act has gone through we are probably in for an even more rigid screening at the American border. This has caused me some uneasiness, since there are a number of items that may have to be cleared up the next time I try to visit the United States. For instance, the time I was put off the train at Black Rock. Or the party I once attended which included a visit and speech by a local Comrade. Or that meeting of the Canadian-Soviet Friendship League and those *Canadian Tribunes* in the basement.

The business of being put off the train at Black Rock was nothing, really. I was quite young at the time—just old enough to be allowed to make my first trip to New York with a companion my own age. We were sitting side by side in the train when the Immigration Officer came along. He was a large man with a red, perfectly round face and round blue eyes and he paused beside us and chanted, without a hint of punctuation, "What are your names where were you born where do you live how long are you planning to stay in the United States."

It looked and sounded like an act, and to show our appreciation of his comedy effort we giggled politely. He took down the information without expression, then said, "You're going to laugh out of the wrong sides of your face for this" and strode away, leaving us quaking and bright pink on both sides of both our faces.

When we reached Black Rock were put off the train, sure enough, along with an officer of the Salvation Army. I don't know what she had done to the irascible official—possibly she had noted signs of violence in him, and had questioned him about his chances of salvation. Anyway, there we sat till the next train came along three hours later and took us aboard. It was just a detention, it seemed; and not an exclusion from the United States. Nothing ideological about it.

THE party which included the local Comrade was another matter, though not, on the whole, a serious one. It took place in the long-ago days when people who regarded themselves as well-informed looked down their noses at the people who still described liberal thinkers as bolshies. The party itself had gone on and on until it reached the inevitable stage when it became necessary to call someone up and invite him over. There was some discussion about whether to cable the invitation to a friend in England, or call up the nearest member of the Communist Party. In the end it was decided to call up the local Comrade.

He was comfortably in bed, and nobody expected him to turn up, because nobody at the time recognized the rigid party discipline which rejects any question of personal convenience. He arrived 20 minutes later and standing on a kitchen chair delivered a fiery speech. He was hospitably applauded and someone in a moment of bibulous enthusiasm contributed $5.00 to the Party fund. I didn't contribute, Senator McCarran. I don't even remember the speech. It was a long, long time ago.

THE meeting of the Canadian-Soviet Friendship League was a much more formal affair. It was attended by a large group of liberal thinkers and the usual generous quota of Comrades, together with a sprinkling of artists and musicians and at least one baronet. There were enthusiastic speeches praising our magnificent ally, and at the end the gathering stood up and sang the Internationale. The singing was led by the ringing voices of the attending Comrades. The rest just trailed along, in the confused yet loyal mumble of people trying to get past the second line of "O Canada". The Internationale seemed to go on interminably, with the repetitions and end-crescendos common to Russian folk music; and that is about all I can remember with any vividness about the meeting to foster Canadian-Soviet friendship. I don't know how I happened to be there. I know I didn't *sign* anything.

My temporary addiction to the *Canadian Tribune* may take a little more explaining. I started buying it because I found it fascinating to figure out in advance the convolutions of the Party line. Even after this interest petered out I continued to buy the *Tribune* occasionally, since I had discovered its value as a counter-irritant. Whenever any small domestic or personal crisis arose I could always go down and buy the *Tribune,* and get mad in a large and righteous way. Then I would put it in the basement where it was eventually collected.

It is necessary to make all these points as clear as possible. I don't want to be stopped some day on my way to the border and asked if I have ever been refused entrance to the United States. Because if that happened I know I would bleat helplessly, "Well in a way. I mean I was just detained a couple of hours and not excluded. What I mean is, it was just a sort of misunderstanding."

I know too where that sort of confused and guilty explanation would land me. I'd just be put off the train again. #

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Letters to the Editor

Defence of Geographers

IN AN ARTICLE in SATURDAY NIGHT, December 13, B. K. Sandwell gives some "advice to geographers" regarding their knowledge of political attitudes and relationships. His remarks are the result of having read parts of the American Geographical Society's new publication *Focus*, dealing with Great Britain. Mr. Sandwell complains about the statement "many of her [Britain's] African colonies talk darkly of throwing off the 'Imperial yoke.' "

Mr. Sandwell attacks the author for using such language about South Africa, and yet the article in *Focus* said nothing about South Africa being a colony. If Mr. Sandwell had but read the *preceding* paragraph he would have noted that the author specifically listed South Africa as part of the Commonwealth, and said that in addition there were colonies, protectorates, and mandated territories. Mr. Sandwell has no doubt read of the Mau Mau disturbances in *colonial* Africa.

Mr. Sandwell therefore attacks "American geographers" by asking "how do they get that way", without bothering to find out who the author of the article was. Dr. George H. T. Kimble, although recently appointed Director of the American Geographical Society, was for five years Head of the Department of Geography at McGill University, Montreal, and is a British raised and trained geographer who taught in England before coming to Canada. In addition, Dr. Kimble has recently returned from extensive travels in Africa and is quite familiar with both the geographical and political situation in several sections. I am sure that Dr. Kimble would not want "American geographers" to be blamed for something which he did *not* say. Likewise we do not want geographers in general to have inaccurate words put into their mouths.

Having got off on this wrong track, the writer enthusiastically attacks the statement concerning those who would fight for a "free" Wales, Scotland or Ireland. He uses the opportunity to express some of his excellent ideas concerning nationalism, but unfortunately infers that the author supports these views on the "yoke". And yet the article did no such thing. It was a simple statement of fact which was not elaborated, and is comparable to saying (correctly) that there are people in United States who would support an "independent" Texas, and those in Canada who want a "free" Quebec, or wish the secession of British Columbia. We appreciate Mr. Sandwell's views on these matters but do not think that geographers need be made his "whipping boy" in expressing them . . . We are sure that he will find that the $1 which he invests for ten issues of *Focus* will reward him with a great deal of basic information which is rather necessary in discussing these problems of world affairs—but he must read them carefully, and for what the author says, not what he *thinks* he says.

J. D. CHAPMAN, J. ROSS MACKAY,
J. LEWIS ROBINSON,
Geography Department, U of B.C.
Vancouver

Better Town Halls

YOUR picture page of civic buildings in the modern tradition: how refreshing to see that municipalities in the country are at last waking up to the fact that public buildings do not have to come covered with gingerbread and lace stonework. The clean, well-lit edifices you show us demonstrate a faith in the taste of the people who must work within or must conduct business with the civic authorities. With so many municipal halls slavishly copying the worst excesses of the Victorian age, it is good to see that we are at last breaking out of bondage to unimaginative bureaucrats.

Windsor, Ont. R. J. MOORE

Cheese and Wine

IT IS important that whatever traditions are followed, Canadian cheeses (SN, Oct. 25) should be properly identified. Satisfied customers can make a district synonymous for high standards. Canadians are not children convinced that the food comes from Cheddar, Camembert, the Harz mountains or Munster, Alsace.

The same applies to beverage. Will there be a time when it will be possible to ask a friend to share a decanter of Ontario red wine without appearing to offer a gratuitous insult? Will there be a time when a Canadian in another country will not be embarrassed to produce a bottle of Canadian wine and say, "I thought you might like this"? Perhaps our wine industry might develop a mark which will mean "suitable to offer to friends".

Canadian Army P.O. H. N. BROWN
via Montreal, Que.

Wrong Campus

WHERE on the McGill Campus is that "Chemistry Building" illustrated in the Jan. 3 issue?

Montreal, Que, DONALD MACKENZIE

■ *SN tenders its apology to the University of Saskatchewan whose chemistry building was incorrectly captioned. #*

■ James H. Smith, 25, was stopped for speeding and told police he was in a hurry to commit a burglary. A check proved Smith was driving a stolen car. He was sentenced to two-to-five years in prison for auto theft. —UP report from Detroit.

Another argument against speeding.

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BRAIN-TEASER

SEATED ONE DAY—

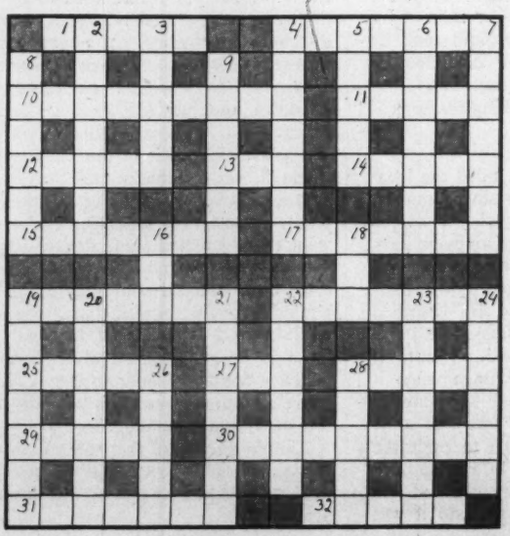
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 and 4. He plays music by Handel, or so it sounds. (5, 7)
1 and 31. They used to get the wind up in church. (5, 7)
10. Upend Lois? Not bad! (9)
11. It ain't hay organists make in these! (5)
12. But the 1 does the opposite when these are brought into play. (5)
13. See 18. (3)
14. He'd feel a lot safer if people would keep their traps shut. (5)
15 and 29. The host chortled when the organist couldn't find it. (3,4,5)
17. Here one may find it easier to make the grade. (7)
19. Let's cut them out on Fridays? (7)
22. Cotton on to checks? On the contrary! (7)
25. Do these 1, 12 imitate the pipes of Pan? (5)
27. Indicates so much may come from small beginnings. (3)
28. Screen star who will always be his mother's boy? (5)
29. See 15.
30. One of the 1, 12 might make an ox hum in Virginia. (3, 6)
31. See 1.
32. One of the chaps, no doubt. (5)

DOWN

2. Stock up again? (7)
3. An upset stomach has no end of particles. (5)
4. A fallen idol, perhaps, may be a blessing in disguise. (7)
5. Mail's sorted here. (5)
6. Spread out the ends to different use. (7)
7. It's decent to have this ability. (7)
8. Apple color. (6)
9. "Love is a . . . ive song,
Sung by a suffering maid". (Patience) (6)
16. Single? Naturally, at this age! (3)
18. He will look so nice with 13. (3)
19. The pipe of Ceres? (7)
20. Shakes a lot more shaken up. (7)
21. It's not only the musician who does it in fast time. (7)
22. Brilliant company of stars? (6)
23. Hold him while we find the tag in his socks. (7)
24. The labor of playing a 1? (6)
26. The sidewalk? (5)
28 and 1. Tongue, for instance. (5, 5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Laurentians
9. Drift
10. Ida
11. Skill
12. Slummer
13. Hencoop
14. Anecdote
15. Closes
17. Slalom
20. Entrains
25. Resists
26. Unnerve
27. Banff
28. Ill
29. Again
30. Hickory skis

DOWN

1. Leisure
2. Untamed
3. Emigrate
4. Trashy
5. Arsenal
6. Ski tows
7. Odessa
8. Slopes
16. Annually
17. Scribe
18. Absinth
19. Ossific
21. Ransack
22. Inroads
23. Skeins
24. Eskimo

(244)

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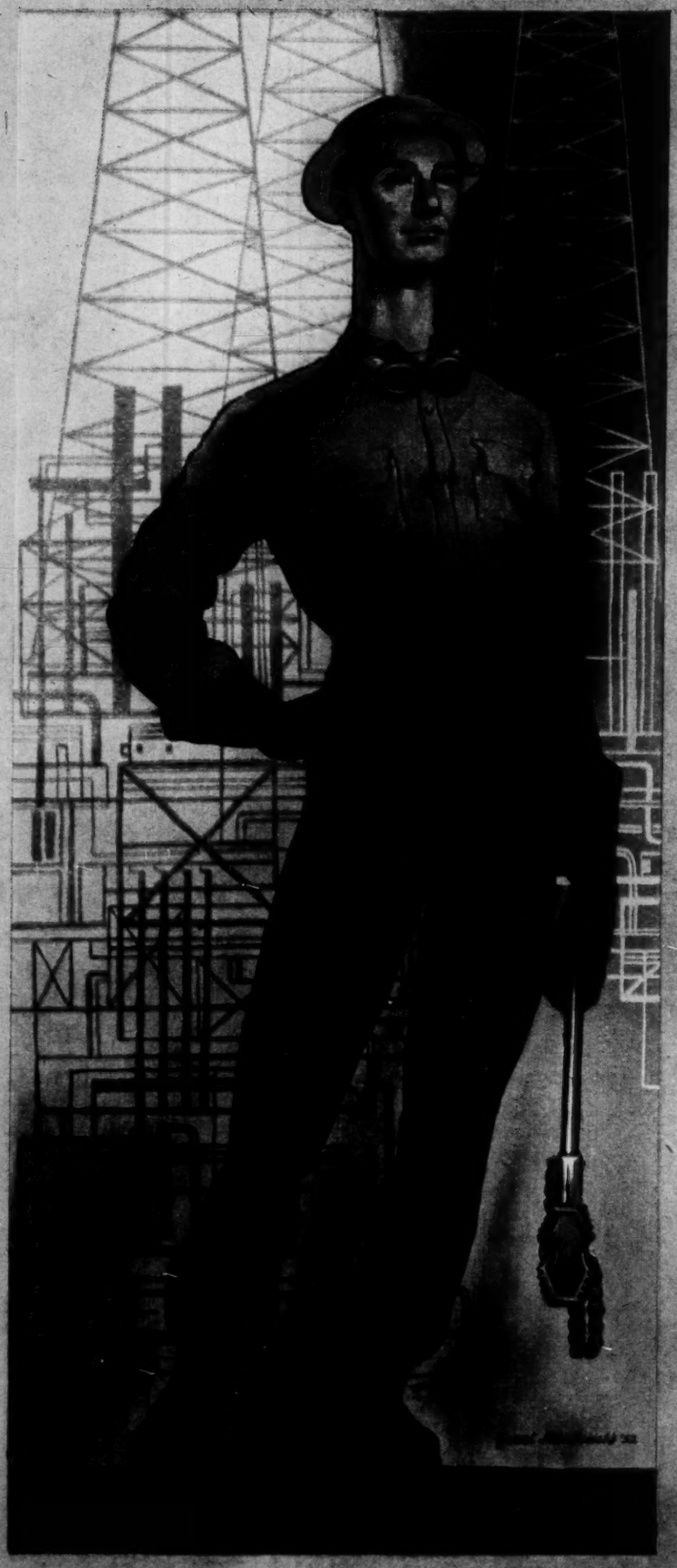

TODAY, the Canadian economy is well on its way to becoming self-sufficient in oil. Contributing to greater oil production are Dow chemicals which play an important part in both the drilling and acidizing of oil wells.

Dow hydrochloric acid, pumped into wells, enlarges the "pores" of the limestone, increasing the flow of oil. However, like most acids it is corrosive —hence Dow research developed a process utilizing "inhibitors" that, properly mixed with the acid, prevent damage to drilling, casing, and pumping equipment . . . another instance of Dow research fulfilling Industry's needs.

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